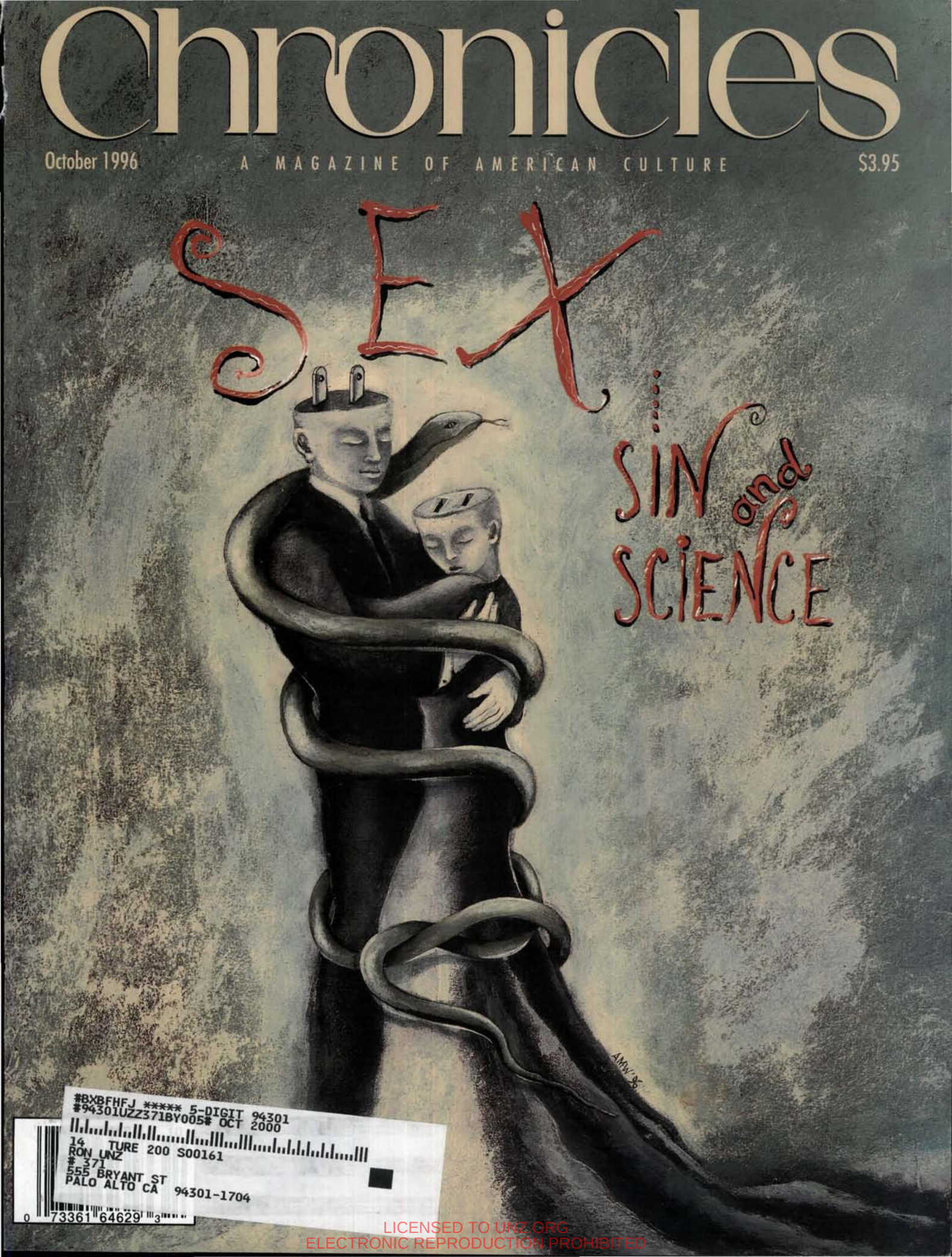
Chronicles

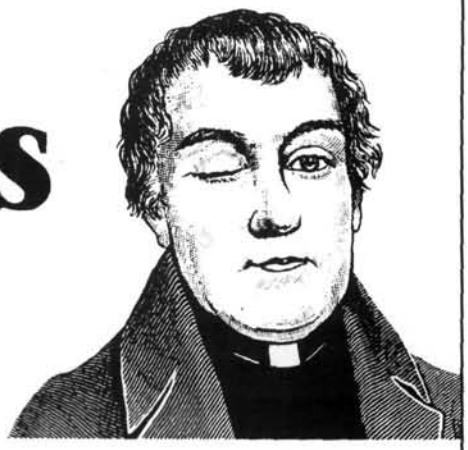
October 1996 A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE $3.95



#BXBFHFJ ***** 5-DIGIT 94301
#94301UZZ371BY005# OCT 2000
14 TURE 200 S00161
RON UNZ
371
555 BRYANT ST
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704
0 73361 64629 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Treacherous Catholics?



The Vatican thunders against abortion, illicit sex, assisted suicide, dissenting theologians, and more. But in all too many parishes we don't hear much, if anything, about the ongoing slaughter of preborn babies, or the Church's teachings on homosexuality, pre-marital sex, pornography, etc. Papal authority and Hell are taboo subjects. Where's the beef? We just get marshmallows — and platitudes and pop psychology.

Even if these parishes and their priests look Catholic, we may wonder if they're just pretending to be Catholic. Some clerics, we now know, have been pretending to be celibate. Broken vows. Violated trust. Abuse of position. Flagrant sin. A field day for those, especially in the media, who hate the Church. Suspicion cast upon our good, hard-working priests. It's all so *very sad*.

Nobody's perfect. But we expect more of priests than we do of others. The priesthood isn't just another occupation; it's a sacred calling. Priests are charged with the cure, not the ruin, of souls.

Those who make excuses for wayward priests, bishops, and Religious are logically required to excuse all the Jim Bakkers and Jimmy Swaggarts too. This would be to make a farce of Christianity.

Sex scandals in the Catholic Church were few and far between before the sex revolution of the 60s and before Vatican II got misinterpreted to mean "anything goes." So a married priesthood is no cure-all. Indeed, many of the recent offenders aren't attracted to the opposite sex, and remember that Bakker and Swaggart were married men when they fell. Mandatory celibacy isn't the problem.

But we *have* a problem, and it's profound. Broadly speaking, the real problem is that in certain sectors of Catholicism there's been a failure of faith in the teaching authority Christ conferred upon His Church, and consequently a tragic capitulation to a decadent culture. If the full Catholic Faith isn't being preached from the pulpit, we shouldn't be too shocked if it isn't being observed in the rectory either.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a Catholic monthly magazine, stand with Rome in its efforts to reinvigorate the Faith and restore discipline. We cover the full range of issues of concern to Catholics who are trying, often against considerable odds, to uphold the Faith. According to *The Catholic Answer*, we're having "a notable impact" for the good on our troubled Church.

If, like Chesterton, you want the Church to *move* the world rather than move *with* the world — or if you're just curious — subscribe today!

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription ..... $14 (regularly $19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription ..... $12 (regularly $16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription ..... $23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year non-U.S. subscription ..... US$24 (regularly $29) Payment must be drawn in U.S. Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy $3.50

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 257
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley CA 94706

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

PERSPECTIVE

Shame and Science 8
by Thomas Fleming

Prime-time porn.

VIEWS

Habla Therapy? by Janet Scott Barlow 12
The science of love.

One in Ten by Philip Jenkins 15
A gay mythology.

Neonatal Circumcision by Thomas Szasz 19
Preventive medicine or mutilation?

The Right Stuff by Tomislav Sunic 21
Drugs and democracy.

OPINIONS

The Fixer by Srdja Trifkovic 23
David Owen: *Balkan Odyssey*.

The life and times of a spinmaster.

REVIEWS

Mark Gerson's *The Neoconservative Vision From the Cold War to the Culture Wars* gives sycophancy a bad name, writes **Paul Gottfried** ◆◆ **Jacob Neusner** has high praise for *The Jewish Wars: Reflections by One of the Belligerents* by Edward Alexander ◆◆ Conor Cruise O'Brien bashes the Pope and other luminaries in *On the Eve of the Millennium*, reports **John P. McCarthy** ◆◆ **William J. Watkins, Jr.**, recommends *Call to Home: African Americans Reclaim the Rural South* by Carol Stack ◆◆ *In Search of the Old Ones* by David Roberts honors the Anasazi, says **Gregory McNamee** ◆◆ 26

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From Massachusetts: The Sex Quiz 33
by Eugene Narrett

Letter From London: A Mere Rumor of War 35
by Derrick Turner

Letter From Chile: The Naked Frontier 36
by Tom Jenney

VITAL SIGNS

POP CULTURE: The Model and the Maid 39
by Theodore Pappas

SPORTS: Boxing at the Garden 40
by Mark Racho

RELIGION: Burn, Baby, Burn 43
by Mark Tooley

FAMILY: Morticia of the Homestead 45
by Isabel Lyman

HEALTH: Hospitals and Hotels 46
by Ernest van den Haag

DEPARTMENTS

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES 4

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS 6

PRINCIPALITIES & POWERS 31
Behind Democracy's Curtain
by Samuel Francis

THE HUNDREDTH MERIDIAN 49
With Jeb Stuart in the Rocky Mountains
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

POETRY
Aliens 11
and
Telephone Psychic 17
by William Baer

ON THE COVER

Cover and inside illustrations by Anna Mycek-Wodecki.

OCTOBER 1996/3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITOR
Thomas Fleming

MANAGING EDITOR
Theodore Pappas

SENIOR EDITOR, BOOKS
Chilton Williamson, Jr.

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Michael Washburn

ART DIRECTOR
Anna Mycek-Wodecki

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harold O.J. Brown, Katherine Dalton, Samuel Francis, George Garrett, Christine Haynes, E. Christian Kopff, J.O. Tate, Clyde Wilson

CORRESPONDING EDITORS
Bill Kauffman, William Mills, Jacob Neusner, John Shelton Reed, Momcilo Selic

EDITORIAL SECRETARY
Leann Dobbs

PUBLISHER
Allan C. Carlson

PUBLICATION DIRECTOR
Guy C. Reffett

PRODUCTION SECRETARY
Anita Candy

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Rochelle Frank

A publication of The Rockford Institute.
Editorial and Advertising Offices:
934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.
Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054.
Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5813.
Subscription Department: P.O. Box 800,
Mount Morris, IL 61054. Call 1-800-877-5459.

U.S.A. Newsstand Distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., One Media Way, 12406 Rt. 250 Milan, Ohio 44848-9705

Copyright © 1996 by The Rockford Institute.
All rights reserved.

Chronicles (ISSN 0887-5731) is published monthly for $39.00 (foreign subscriptions add $12 for surface delivery, $48 for Air Mail) per year by The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103-7061. Preferred periodical postage paid at Rockford, IL and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Chronicles*, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

The views expressed in *Chronicles* are the authors' alone and do not necessarily reflect the views of The Rockford Institute or of its directors. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

Vol. 20, No.10 October 1996

Printed in the United States of America

On the Confederate Flag

I would like to respond to Clyde Wilson's excellent editorial (Cultural Revolutions, May 1996) on the Confederate flag. Mr. Wilson is correct in what he says, as far as it goes, but there is, or should be, more here than meets the eye.

First, why do we really care what may or not be "offensive" to blacks? In our time, blacks are "offended" on racial grounds by virtually everything, from the AIDS virus to flat tires. Were we to change or modify every aspect of American life that is "offensive" to blacks, there would be nothing recognizable of the United States. And I find the "offensiveness" of the Confederate flag laughable as an excuse for black violence. Should we suppose that the scandalous number of white victims of black violent crime were all flying Confederate flags, which then provoked their assailants into uncontrollable rage? In any case, under what prescription of democracy or republican government is it mandated that 11 percent of the population always exercises a veto over whatever the other 89 percent wishes to do, or in this case, commemorate? Time to call a halt to this not-so-subtle form of terrorism and set a few people straight.

Fortunately we do have a choice of symbols, but that is not really the crux of the Confederate flag debate. In my opinion, as a Southerner, few if any folk fly that flag out of "pride of ancestry," "love of country," or any other highfalutin motive. When that flag is flown, it is in protest of and resistance to the excesses of blacks and the privileges they receive in our country today. It is the exact equivalent to the Malcolm X T-shirts, the black-green-red "African" flag, and all the other black power symbolism which blacks are able to flaunt in public with impunity.

A final point. It is interesting that while blacks claim to have been enslaved for some 300 years, the Confederacy lasted for only four. This means that for 296 of those years, blacks were enslaved under other flags, i.e., the various versions of the Stars and Stripes, the British flag, and the French and Spanish flags, yet I am not aware of any blacks being "offended" at the sight of those flags. Indeed, blacks remained in slavery in Brazil and Cuba for some time after they were emancipated in the United States, and I have never heard of black protests against the flags of those countries. And of course blacks are even now in slavery in Mauritania and Sudan, yet where is the outrage and protest?

No, black "outrage" is all too selective and has nothing to do with "symbols of slavery." Blacks know well that they would get absolutely nowhere should they protest against those flags, and so they target the Confederate flag because we allow them to do so. It is time that we stood up to this bullying and, regardless of the symbol, made it perfectly clear that we will fly any flag we choose, just as blacks do.

—Donald M. Miller
American Embassy, Mexico
Laredo, TX

On Europe and America

I would like to congratulate François Furet ("The Long Apprenticeship," July 1996) on his Richard M. Weaver Award and do him the courtesy of taking his acceptance speech seriously.

I start by confessing that here in England the sense of inexorable democratic/constitutional progress which Furet claims for France and Europe seems tremendously problematic. England used to be a deeply constitutional country—as was her American offspring. When people—over here—stopped saying "England," we had Britain, which was more democratic but had a pretentious imperial constitution which never stabilized. Now we have the Britain-in-Europe, where the constitution (as it might be inferred) is a mixture of pretentious sounds and disquieting silences.

A Frenchman celebrating the swelling constitutionalism of France's Fifth Republic leaves an Englishman staring at the line of scrapped constitutions behind it. In any case, the restored and legalized ascendancy of the Executive over the Legislative—De Gaulle's gift to his country—seems to us very French but not very parliamentary. Nevertheless, whatever the prospects of a Sixth Republic, the European Community is in a far, far worse state. It is a strictly bureaucratic mechanism for distributing subsidies. If the deliberations of its "Parliament"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have ever been important, the secret is well-kept; it might as well not meet.

Once money passes from national treasuries into the hands of the European Commission, one must abandon all hope of seeing anything but fantasy accounting. The most recent audit confirmed all our worst fears. European justice goes from strength to strength—because national supreme courts have been made subject to it. As a result, we cannot call "Elderflower champagne" by its traditional name. It is a pleasant, nonalcoholic summer drink made from flowers, but Euro-judges affected to believe that it might be confused with French champagne. Euro-law protects not custom or tradition but the most organized producer interests. It is crude commercial law, now red in tooth and claw, and it is unmitigated by the common-sense restraint that is secured when judges are bound by the sentiments and seriousness of the communities in which they issue judgments.

Furet is seriously misleading in his concluding claim that throughout Europe's "long apprenticeship" in democracy and stability, "the American experience has played a decisive role." A desire to please one's hosts may be a sweet and pleasant fault, but there are limits. For most of that long apprenticeship, the major European nations paid remarkably little attention to America. True, Tocqueville understood the American achievement, but he was a rare bird. It was American wealth, and the scale of the American economy, that impressed the Europeans. It was not George Washington's Republic but the America of Standard Oil, General Motors, Bell Telephone, and IBM which stimulated Jean Monnet, the French technocrat advertised as "the father of Europe." Whoever tries to construe Monnet's European institutions (the Coal and Steel Community, Euratom, the EEC) in the light of the American Constitution might as well go to China equipped with a map of the moon.

Constitutionalism is not an inherent virtue that sticks to anyone like glue. It is a historical process that can flourish or fail. Each generation is tested and success is not guaranteed. There is no necessary Progress in it. The present health of the American Constitution I leave to Americans to debate. What Europeans do not care to remember is how it all began. Let no American believe that as the negotiating teams of the European nations gathered at Messina in 1956 or Maastricht in 1991 they were reenacting the debates that took place in Philadelphia 200 years earlier. There were no such debates; there is no such quality. The need for a Constitution was simply not understood, and even it if had been, there was no intention to achieve a sort of Foundation Compromise between the various factions. Our Europe is a stew of ambiguities, selfish advantages, and political hot air. Our constitutional arrangements are profoundly unsettled. The present European complacency about this would have scandalized everyone at Philadelphia. The neo-Carolingian fanatics will not allow the rights of the nation-states to be embedded in a treaty.

One risk is that in the not too distant future the European tide will go out even faster than it came in, that a new Protestantism, a new national skepticism, will overtake the Roman Treaty. If this happens, the skeptics will be blamed, but the real responsibility will lie with those who did not accept that a European Union cannot be founded on less than a constitutional convention. I devoutly wish a permanent European association of free states; I detest the existing concatenation of bribes, bureaucracies, and jurists' plots, and I have no faith that it will evolve sickness into health.

America started well, Europe started and continues badly. Even the naming of parts is fraudulent. The treaties, aware of their own parliamentary deficit, spoke of a European Assembly; but the Assembly called itself, illegally, a Parliament. The Maastricht Treaty reaffirmed a European Community and added a European Union for such foreign policy and defense projects as might be agreed. Immediately, the neo-Carolingian lobby called both things the "Union." The president of the bureaucracy pretends to be the President of Europe, and his predecessor invented a Euro-flag without anyone's consent. (It looks like a banner of the Virgin Mary with Our Lady taken out and the circle of stars on blue left in.) We are told we are "citizens," but the corresponding state has not been proclaimed.

Furet is right. Europe, by which I mean the Continent, has some old and wicked traditions. One of those traditions is the episodic attempt by one power-center or another to construct Euro-empires on the basis of threats, bribes, and bogus law. Popes, Kings of France, and Holy Roman Emperors all grasped for European dominion, driven to it, no doubt, by lawyers and fanatical integrationists. Europe was the most creative place on earth because they failed. Wars were the outcome, not the cause of the centralizing process. They were not the price we paid for the nation-state; the nation-state was the reward for frustrating the projects of grandiose integration. Is the present Euro-thing different merely because the rhetoric—certainly not the fact—is democratic? Alas, it is quite possible that some of Europe's worst traditions may be at work. I would be relieved if today's European enthusiasts understood that possibility or were willing to consider matters in a less hand-waving, more rigorous way.

The question of war deserves historical reflection. The great wars of Europe were rarely national quarrels, although they absorbed some national quarrels as fuel. The wars of Louis XIV were not national, nor, in my view, were the wars of Napoleon. The war of 1914 was nothing so petty as a Franco-German quarrel. It was a war launched by Mittel-Europa for continental dominance. The war of 1939 was the same thing, with a more virulent ideological context, and both wars were lost by the side which proclaimed itself, with genuine conviction, the party of "Europe."

The neo-Carolingian attempt to present the European Union as the solution to a problem of war is breathtaking. The European Community from 1957 to 1991 excluded all defense questions and left the nations entirely free to fight each other. War was prevented by the hegemonies of America and Russia. Peace was imposed. War was not allowed. Two postimperial powers—France and Germany—clung to each other in consolation for the fact that they no longer, any more than Luxembourg, had the power to decide on matters of war and peace.

With the end of the Cold War that power is reviving, and we all hope that the peace can be maintained. But the problem was never "national quarrels." In this century, no country on the western fringe of Europe has threatened another with war. The problems lay on the other side of the Rhine. The question then is whether German democracy has caught up with France and Britain in what might be called instinctive peacefulness. If it has, there is no problem; if it has not, there is. The European Union is not relevant. NATO is more relevant,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but could do little, except to fight, if Germany goes wrong again.

It is scandalous that Chancellor Kohl should go around warning about war. War will return to Europe, he says, unless we embrace federal union. But who is threatening whom? Russia is struggling against little Chechnya, and in any case is the one potential problem solved by NATO. Does Britain threaten Germany, does France? If Kohl has knowledge of a threat, let him name it. If, as I suppose, he means that Germany might go wrong, then he is saying that he must have what he wants or Germany will, in the end, go to war again. Herr Kohl is pretty obtuse and, I dare say, does not quite mean to be so crude. But his talk of war and his personal crusade for a grandiose, even Napoleonic, solution for the European problem are not new. Every exercise in Euro-megalomania has deployed an excuse in these terms.

The variety and richness of the nationals of Europe will only be safe, and her arrangements securely constitutional, when there is an end to the Carolingian vision of tidying up Europe. No era of constitutional good sense can dawn until Europeans recognize that the existing setup is hopelessly flawed. It would be helpful if the State Department stopped trying to lever Britain into an unsuitable union. The obsessive determination in the American diplomatic service to promote a deeply flawed project in Europe shows little appreciation of the otherness of Europe, as a community of nation-states, or the constitutional exertion which accompanied the creation of the American Union.

—Michael Stenton
Cambridge, England

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

HENRY REGNERY, R.I.P. He died on June 18, his devoted wife of six decades, Eleanor, at his side.

Soft-spoken, humble, ever polite and generous, Henry was also a man of indomitable courage. In an era of accelerating centralization in the book trade, he launched the Henry Regnery Company in 1947 as an independent publishing house. From the beginning, it featured titles that challenged accepted opinion, be it the foreign policy elite's plan to dismember and destroy postwar Germany, or that same elite's passion for "Uncle Joe" Stalin.

Henry's father, born on a Wisconsin farm of German Catholic forebears, was a successful textile manufacturer, who became a leader of the America First movement. Young Henry's first job, after graduate training in economics at Harvard, was as an administrator for the American Friends Service Committee's "Penn Craft" agricultural resettlement community, in Pennsylvania. In these ways, Henry symbolized the oft-forgotten continuity of the Agrarian cause and the anti-interventionist Old Right of the 1930's with the conservatism that would take form (largely through his publishing efforts) in the 1950's.

Central to Henry's life was his deep attachment to northeast Illinois. Born and raised in the village of Hinsdale, his natal place served throughout his life as the idealized American small town. "There were woods, open fields, and farms just outside the town," he would write in his memoirs. "The stores were small and locally owned. . . . Most people had vegetable gardens, many kept chickens, and a few still had horses." Resident for most of his adult life in Chicago, Henry labored to make the "Hog Butcher of the World" also known for its literary and artistic distinctions. He published American editions of Wyndham Lewis, T.S. Eliot, and Ezra Pound, together with the work of Midwestern poets and novelists.

Henry knew tragedy in his life, including the death of his son, Henry, Jr., in an air crash. He also knew disappointment, as the postwar Chicago cultural establishment squandered a promising interwar artistic revival, choosing to be little more than an echo of Manhattan. Late in his life, Henry watched as his beloved Cliffdwellers Club—once the hub of Chicago's literary and musical worlds—fell victim to the greed of the Symphony Board. He knew other forms of betrayal as well. Several of the writers he launched into prominence fell under the spell of the national security state, embracing what would eventually be called "big government conservatism" and "the democratic empire." Yet he bore these wounds stoically, without recrimination or complaint, and labored on, true to his principles.

Together with other giants of the traditionalist philosophical revival of the 1950's—Russell Kirk, Robert Nisbet, and M.E. Bradford—Henry Regnery developed a close affiliation with The Rockford Institute and *Chronicles* in his later years. He served as an active member of our Board of Directors from 1988 until late 1995, when physical ailments finally precluded his regular attendance at meetings. The Board thereupon elected him as an Honorary Director of the Institute. Many times and in concrete ways, he expressed his deep gratitude for this magazine, and its congruity with his own labors.

A devoted son of his region, the Midwest, a patriotic American, and a Christian gentleman, Henry Regnery embodied the virtues we treasure and celebrate. May he rest in peace.

—Allan Carlson

OFFICER LAURENCE POWELL is off the hook, at least for now. Dealing a severe blow to the civil rights establishment and federal police power, the Supreme Court has overruled the Ninth Circuit Court's motion to stiffen the sentence handed down in the federal trial of Powell and Stacey Koon, who were found guilty of violating the civil rights of "motorist" Rodney King. Having served out his original two-year sentence, Powell is a free man.

The Legal Affairs Council, which raised over $60,000 for Powell's defense, has called upon President Clinton to sack his Attorney General, who led the campaign to send Powell back to jail for another four years. Janet Reno, in response to heavy pressures from the Congressional Black Caucus and to threats from blacks (as Paul Parker III, a relative of one of the thugs who assaulted Reginald Denny, put it, "If there is no justice for blacks, there will be no peace!"), swore that the racist cops would pay for their deeds. Accordingly, Reno complained loudly that Powell's sentence was too light, pressured Judge Davies to revoke the bail he had granted Powell dur-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the appellate process, and launched a crusade to force the judge to revise his 30-month sentence, thus venturing into the realm of triple jeopardy. (For a full account of this campaign, see Robert Deitz's new book *Willful Injustice*.)

But clearly Powell was the victim of an attitude that went far beyond one vindictive public official. In those quarters where Powell should have received the strongest support—namely, the police department—he instead became a scapegoat for the sins attributed to law enforcement, a sacrificial lamb offered up at the altar of civil rights. Neither "conservatives" nor the LAPD were willing to stand behind the two officers, and police representatives took steps to distance themselves. In May 1991, two months after the "Rodney King incident," Deitz recounts, Powell and Stacey Koon responded to a call about a violent domestic dispute. While breaking up the fight, Powell allegedly hit one of the participants with his flashlight, while Sergeant Koon said "F--k you" to a troublesome relative. These trivial charges were later denied by one of the witnesses. This little episode was completely forgotten—until Powell and Koon stood trial for civil rights infractions, whereupon LAPD Captain James McBride dredged up the incident as a pretext to issue Powell an official reprimand, charging him with misconduct of the gravest kind. Powell and Koon later came under fire for their racist attitudes and their handling of Saint Rodney, even though they had in no way deviated from normal police procedure. The LAPD apparently felt that by bringing in a new black police chief and cracking down on "racists" in its ranks, it could demonstrate to world opinion its good faith and sensitivity to liberal concerns.

Richard Delgaudio, president of the Legal Affairs Council, in a press release announcing the Court's decision, lauds the Justices for uniformly recognizing that Rodney King had provoked and assaulted Sergeant Koon's men. For once, the Court has acted as a disinterested interpreter of the law, instead of following Reno who sought, in Delgaudio's words, to "appeas[e] a loud fringe group [in order to] help President Clinton's reelection campaign."

Of course, there is no guarantee that Powell's ordeal is over—if the regime is willing to stoop to triple jeopardy, then why not quadruple and quintuple jeopardy? As survivors of the Waco holocaust know, Janet Reno does not take a cool and disinterested approach to cases involving the welfare of children or other designated victims. Alexander Cockburn, in *The Golden Age Is in Us*, writes about a case that does not get the attention given to Waco. While running for reelection as Dade County prosecutor in 1984, Reno used, let us say, extraconstitutional methods to push for the prosecution of a Cuban man her office had labeled a child abuser. Unable to secure solid evidence, Reno visited the man's 17-year-old wife, imprisoned on lesser charges, and urged her to testify against her husband. "If outlined in a human rights report," Cockburn writes, "the methods endorsed by Reno would justly be called brainwashing. They included isolation, quasi-hypnosis, conditioned response and kindred mind-bending techniques." The girl insisted on her and her husband's innocence, and "the case was becoming a political liability for Reno" during a heated election campaign. When the girl was brought out of solitary confinement for a polygraph test, she gave in and agreed to make depositions against her husband. She later made them with Reno holding her hand. In a statement to the judge, the girl admitted, "I am pleading guilty to get all of this over."

—*Michael Washburn*

THE *NEW AMERICAN* has long been a pariah among mainstream journals of opinion, both liberal and "conservative." With its blend of investigative journalism and fierce polemics, the *New American* has gone out of its way to offend the apologists for world government and state power. While that has not changed, the May 13, 1996, issue has a striking new look—with a slick color photograph gracing the front cover along with the words, "That Freedom Shall Not Perish." Subscribers do not need to be reminded of the magazine's message, but the purpose of the slogan is to give potential new readers an idea of the magazine, for with this issue, the *New American* is available at newsstands all over the country.

OBITER DICTA: The Ludwig von Mises Institute publishes a quarterly journal, the *Mises Review*, written by David Gordon, a senior fellow at the Institute who holds a Ph.D. in intellectual history from UCLA and has written a number of books on economic theory. Informed by Gordon's vast knowledge, the *Review* offers trenchant essay-reviews of the latest works of political and economic thought. (In the summer issue, Gordon skewers Michael Lerner.) For a one-year subscription, send $15.95 to the *Mises Review*, Ludwig von Mises Institute, Auburn, AL 36849-5301.

* * *

Details about this year's John Randolph Club meeting can be found in the ad on page 47.

* * *

Chronicles is now sold at the following stores in Pennsylvania: Holidaysburg Book and Video, 519 Allegheny St., Holidaysburg; Gene's Books, Inc., King of Prussia Plaza, King of Prussia; Tower Records & Video, 340 W. DeKalb Pike, King of Prussia; Borders, Rosemont Shopping Center, Bryn Mawr; Barnes & Noble Superstore, 720-730 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr; Bryn Mawr News Agency, 844 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr; Borders, 8701 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia; Borders, 1727 Walnut St., Philadelphia; Avril 50, 3406 Sansom St., Philadelphia; Encore Books, Top of the Hill Shopping Center, Philadelphia; Borders, 1775 N. Highland Rd., Pittsburgh; Borders, Springfield Square Shopping Center, Springfield; Media Play, Hills Plaza, Harrisburg; Encore Books, Hills Plaza So., State College; Barnes & Noble Superstore, 5909 Peach St., Erie.

LIBERAL ARTS

SMOKEY THE BEAR, U.S. BORDER PATROL

According to the *Washington Post* on June 7, the summer wildfires in the border areas of Southern California were exacerbated by illegal immigrants. The illegals "are causing a dramatic surge in wildfires because of fires they light when camping out," say state officials; other immigrants "intentionally start wildfires to create a diversion when they think they have been detected." Ken Miller of the California Forestry Department estimates that the 212 wildfires in the border area this year have cost taxpayers $3 million in firefighting expenses (in 1994, there were only 24 fires in the region).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Shame and Science

by Thomas Fleming

A sex tour of Italy was the last thing I had on my mind when I decided to take two children along with me on a recent lecture tour, but each trip I take seems to construct itself thematically like an overwritten modern novel in which every scene reeks of symbolic significance. This time the reek was of Krizia perfume, and the symbol was the Green Party billboard sporting a frontal nude (all parts included) of the leader's wife. Her message was a bit of not-too-coy innuendo: "This is the only fur I abuse."

This is not the first nude billboard I have ever seen, and the other nudes had always been someone's wife daughter sister mother; and it was not the first time that a politician had sexually exploited his wife to gain advancement: as a boy Lord Melbourne was told by one of his schoolfellows, "Your mother's a whore," which she was. But Melbourne's father did not lead his wife through the streets of London offering to sell a peep to any citizen who had the franchise. It is the casualness, or rather the shamelessness of sexual advertising throughout Europe, that is so disconcerting.

There is nothing but sex on European television. I am not thinking primarily of the swinish German programs available in hotels all over Europe, but of the standard game shows and variety programming where the object is to pack as many women and as little clothing as possible into a space that can fill up a screen. The hottest program in March was *La Zingara*, a game show with half-dressed dancing girls bopping in and out among the contestants as if there were nothing unusual. At one point, contestants were required to bowl down one of a set of large pins which were inevitably representations of the same dancing girls. This was on RAI. Switch to a commercial channel, and the girls are younger and their covering less discreet.

Silvio Berlusconi, the ex-socialist plutocrat who is the last hope of the Italian right, helped to pioneer adolescent soft porn on Italian television. Most of his supporters, including right-wing Catholics, fail to see the irony, and they think Americans are puritanical in their obsession with the sex lives of their political leaders. Bill Clinton is abused for his indiscretions with a series of boopsies, while François Mitterrand not only had girlfriends, but also a long-established mistress who showed up at his funeral. Many American leaders, it is true, have acted like Europeans—Franklin Roosevelt, General Eisenhower, Jack Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson all had their flings, and more than one credible allegation has been made against George Bush—but all of these men took some pains to hide their follies and knew they could rely, for the most part, on the silent complicity of the press. Mr. Clinton, however, has been even less discreet than the French and Italian leaders who like to be photographed dancing with mistresses half their age. According to some reports, at least, our President behaves less like a European statesman than like a rutting Arkansas razorback running amok in a sty full of young sows.

It is not easy to compare the sexual mores of Europe and America, if only because both places are so diverse. Nabokov's *Lolita* was described as an allegory both of the Old World

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seducing the New and of America seducing Europe. Italy and France, it seems to me, have both extremes: pagan licentiousness and medieval Christian chastity. In Eugenio Corti's *Il cavallo rosso* (a novel covering the decades of the 1940's through the 70's), young men of different social classes—peasants, workers, industrialists—display a chastity and modesty toward women that would be inconceivable among the most pious Christians in America, where our habit of compromise and moderation makes it difficult to sustain extremes of either vice or virtue. It goes without saying that the weaknesses of the flesh are to be found everywhere, often in the company of hypocrisies of the spirit, but social ideals count for much. Manzoni's great novel *I promessi sposi* includes a masterful portrait of lust, pride, and hypocrisy in the Nun of Monza, but the heroine, a simple uneducated girl, is a study in piety and modesty. The corresponding heroines of American literature, from Hester Prynne to Scarlett O'Hara, are, in comparison, gross and lewd. (I search for counterexamples of forceful fictional women who are models of chastity, and the best I can come up with is Simms' Katherine Walton. I am sure there are other, better examples, but in French literature, for example, one can find examples from Corneille or even *la belle prude* in Laclos' vicious novel *Les liaisons dangereuses*.)

In America, we have succeeded in making pornography mainstream and prime time, while at the same time persuading our clergy that they are justified, when they are off-duty, in telling indecent stories. Even from the pulpit I have heard scatological and anatomical references that a sailor would have blushed to make in a lady's presence, only a generation ago. In Rome, on the other hand, the contrast was shocking, between the convent on the Gianiculo, where we spent a week, and the lewdness of Italian popular culture that assaults you from every billboard and TV screen.

Even the concepts of chastity and virginity are problematic in America. They are too untechnical, too absolute. Chastity implies a cleanliness of habits patiently practiced for years; one does not, in the ordinary course of a life, suddenly see the light and discover chastity at a tent revival; it cannot be sold in prescription form or patented as a device or acquired through therapy. Only by practicing and thinking chastity, can we become, bit by bit, more chaste.

In America, however, we do things the easy way, with public pledges to be "Promise Keepers" or second-chance virgins. I'm sorry kids, but if you spend five years hopping from bed to bed, there is no way you can reacquire your virginity, and to pretend that you can is not only an insult to the girls who have said no, but it is positive proof that you have learned nothing. The self-deception of the born-again virgins is on a level with the appeals for clemency made by convicted murderers: who, if they really had repented, would accept the death penalty as just retribution.

The Promise Keepers are even more obtuse than the once and future virgins. The brainchild of Colorado University football coach Bill McCartney, Promise Keepers bring together thousands of epicene sports fans in stadiums all over the country and commit them to keeping seven promises, some of them perfectly innocuous on the surface and others that put the PKs squarely in the sublimely loony tradition of American cults. In fact, some conservative Protestants (Herman Otten at the *Christian News*, in particular) have dissected the various heresies promoted by the PKs, pointing out that several of the group's leaders, including McCartney himself, claim to have received direct revelations from Jesus Christ.

On the surface, Promise Keepers might appear to be just one more Evangelical self-help group, asking its members to commit themselves to "honoring Jesus Christ," and to "practicing spiritual, moral, ethical, and sexual purity." (One wonders how Coach McCartney would go about distinguishing the moral from the ethical.) If these promises sound all too much like the confessional statement of a new religion, some Evangelical critics have suspected exactly that, wondering why a new origination is needed to tell men what their pastors are already saying from the pulpit. I suppose the PKs would reply (Promise Five) that "a shocking number of pastors find themselves weary, wounded, discouraged and struggling with feelings of inadequacy."

If several of the new commandments are boilerplate stuff, others are more original. For example, a PK is "committed to pursuing vital relationships with a few other men." If this means only that a PK should be a loyal friend, the commandment would be harmless enough, but, no, the PK can't just be a friend, he has to be a sensitivity counselor who meets with a small group of men several times a month in a self-criticism session at which each of the members "willingly grants the others the right to inquire about his relationship to God, his commitment to his family, his sexuality, and his financial dealings."

Most men I know would punch out anyone who presumed to make such inquiries, and any married man who talks about his "sexuality" (presumably his relations with his wife) ought to be horsewhipped and branded with a scarlet "A" for the part of the anatomy he cannot distinguish from a hole in the ground.

The problem here is chastity. What is the difference between putting your nude wife on a billboard or talking dirty about her with a bunch of the guys? This is not a trick question, not for a sane man. The trouble is that we have come to see chastity almost exclusively as a "thou shalt not," a conscious refusal to give into temptation rather than a positive virtue that infuses our soul with radiance. Chastity is not reducible to virginity; it can occur in different forms. As St. Ambrose observed, "There are three forms of the virtue of chastity: the first is that of spouses, the second that of widows, and the third that of virgins," none of which is to be praised to the exclusion of others. It is not enough not to cheat on our wives; chastity requires us to avoid pornography, including the domestic manufactures of our own imaginations, but more than an avoidance of evil, chastity compels a married man to cultivate the good, a sentiment approaching reverence for his wife, a desire to protect her from contamination.

Without a sense of shame, there is no chastity. For the Greeks, Aidos (shame) was a powerful and divine force teaching us right from wrong. In Plato's dialogue that bears his name, Protagoras told a myth of men living like savages, even after Prometheus has given the gifts of fire and technology. Finally, Zeus sends Hermes to endow the human race with shame (*aidos*) and justice (*dike*), which will enable men to live in political communities. Anyone lacking these virtues, enjoins Zeus, must be killed as a plague. The "private parts" were *aidoia* (that is, shameful), not because they were a source of embarrassment but because they inspired a reverential modesty. Greek women were, for the most part, kept under close watch, not because Greek men were particularly patriarchal—patriarchy is, as Steve Goldberg observes, an "inevitability" to which there are no exceptions—but because their chastity was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

revered and protected.

Today shame—and chastity—has all but disappeared, even among religious zealots. At some Evangelical revival meetings, it is all too common to hear members of the congregation publicly confessing to extramarital affairs with other members' wives. Obsessed with the need to cleanse themselves, they think nothing of ruining the woman's reputation by public scandal. Some years ago I attended a splendid conference given by Opus Dei to commemorate the anniversary of *Humanae vitae*, Paul VI's prophetic encyclical on human life. But even here, among these conservative Catholics and Protestants, we had to be exposed to Judith Reisman's child pornography slide show. Several nuns, I was happy to see, walked out in horror, as did I who saw nothing I had not seen many times before. At lunch, we listened to a man talk about natural family planning. With his wife present, he discussed in concrete, albeit circumlocutory terms, the intimate details of their payments of the conjugal debt. I am sure they were good Catholics, pious people, but chaste? Hardly.

> Social scientists will receive grants to show how public nudity decreases rape and encourages a healthy respect for women, marriage, and family, and conservatives will write articles proving them wrong, without ever challenging the underlying assumption.

It is sometimes at "right to life" conferences that the worst offenses against shame and modesty occur. Terrifying pictures of unborn babies are everywhere, and at some protests, the fanatics fling the corpses of aborted babies at their adversaries. If they really want to be creative, why don't they come up with a book, *500 Uses for a Dead Baby*—something both sides could enjoy?

Several years ago I heard ex-abortionist Bernard Nathanson cheerfully excoriating doctors for doing what he used to do to tens of thousands of unborn babies. Dressed in an expensive suit with designer shoes, Nathanson was passionate (eloquent he was not) in expressing his moral outrage, but gave no sign of contrition. He had made himself rich and successful killing babies, and now he was making himself famous by attacking abortionists. It is a wise investor who knows how to make out going in and getting out, and people like Nathanson are nothing if not wise investors in the volatile marketplace of popular morality. Now he says he is a Catholic convert, but blames his evil ways on an abusive father. Before long the fault will lie with Judaism, the Y chromosome, or the Prince of Lies himself, anyone and anything but Bernie Nathanson. "Ain't that a shame," went the 50's song, "*you're* the one to blame." I'll believe him when he sells all that he has and gives it to a home for unwed mothers, and I'll be willing to listen to him after he has discharged a vow of ten years' silence.

There are murderers on death row with more of a conscience than Dr. Nathanson, with more of a conscience than the Christian right-to-lifers who flock to his lectures, squirming with horrified delight at the horrors he narrates. Here is a pornography worse than anything Judith Reisman has ever pored over.

And now, thanks again to the wonders of science and medical research, we have an FDA-approved pill that will kill our kids. From what I gather, the main concern is that women who dispose of their unborn babies may have to see their victims, if they use the pill instead of the knife. What a shame! The whole object of American culture is to produce moral numbness. After six episodes of *Seinfeld*, the viewer can be both brain-dead and shame-dead. (Speaking of which, a neoconservative junior recently attacked the immorality of *Seinfeld* while conceding that it was "brilliant." There's a wattage problem, here, and it is not confined to Jerry Seinfeld.)

I do not wish to be naively apocalyptic. Nothing is more childish than the pro-life civil disobedients who go about denouncing the United States as a Nazi regime because our judges allow mothers to kill their babies. There have always been mothers who killed their babies, born as well as unborn. What is almost unique about our own society is that so far from hiding their sin, so far from showing any signs of shame or embarrassment, our latter-day Medeas want not just public monies but public approbation. Instead of slinking into the back alleys where they belong, they march in parades and testify in Congress. They go on *Oprah* and *Sally Jessy Raphael* to vent their outrage at anyone who refuses to celebrate their heroism and wisdom. Blinded by the lights and deafened by applause, they close their minds to the still small voice of conscience that tells them to repent, and so long as they keep their minds closed, they are damned, damned by their own deadness to shame, damned in Christian terms but equally damned as natural women who have repudiated the purpose of their existence.

The ancients exposed newborn babies, often with legitimate (if never sufficient) reasons: the infant might not be viable or its severe deformity might make it seem portentous; impoverished parents sometimes might have to make the agonizing choice of whether to rear another child, possibly at the expense of existing children. Besides, they were aware that a healthy child, if exposed in one of the conventional places, stood a good chance of being picked up and reared, either by a childless couple or, more likely, by a slave dealer. These were pagans, following the dictates of nature without the light of revelation, but even they did not celebrate either exposure or infanticide as a virtue. Laius and Jocasta exposed Oedipus, perhaps because of a deformed foot or, in Sophocles' play, because he was destined to kill his father and marry his mother. The servant who was given the job, however, turned out to be too tenderhearted, and he handed the baby over to a shepherd.

There is no hint from Sophocles that the servant's kindness (as disastrous as it was in the result) was misplaced. The moral wrong in the play is on the shoulders of Oedipus himself, a lib-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erated intellectual who despises traditional piety and who questions even the power of the gods themselves. His rashness and moral arrogance bring destruction to his family and a plague to his city. Infatuated by science (the dialectic and materialism of fifth-century Sophists), he does not even know, as the prophet points out to him, who he is. Science has liberated him even from the traditional Greek concern for ancestry and lineage. He is a child of fortune, the man who can make his own destiny, a man (until he is taught better) without shame.

In *The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club,* Dorothy Sayers Fleming's Lord Peter Wimsey meets a physician who plans "to make everybody good by glands." A Chestertonian priest is ironically enthusiastic: "My dear man, if you can cure sin with an injection, I shall be only too pleased," but he warns the medico to "be sure you don't pump in something worse in the process." Wimsey should not have been surprised to discover that the physician had murdered an elderly patient in order to get money for his clinic.

"The study of nature makes a man at last as remorseless as nature." The apothegm belongs to H.G. Wells's Doctor Moreau, but it probably expresses Wells' own opinion. The good doctor, you will remember, had found a means of accelerating evolution and was turning monkeys, cats, and pigs into humanoid creatures. The process involved a good deal of pain being inflicted upon the helpless creatures. In the film version, a transparently homosexual Moreau, played by Charles Laughton, enjoys the suffering he inflicts, but sadism, while it lies just over the horizon of scientific materialism, is not the point, but moral obtuseness. In fulfilling his dream of progress, which is to make all the world's creatures exactly like himself, the scientist must deaden himself against his own conscience.

"Don't worry, I'm a scientist," exclaims Peter Sellers as a psychiatrist assaulting one of his female patients, "I understand these things." The film—a 1965 sex farce—was scripted by Woody Allen, an entertainer known for his kindness to children. Even when Mr. Allen's seduction of his wife's adopted daughter became a scandal, his career went on without interruption. A sex scandal destroyed the career of Fatty Arbuckle—a comic genius compared to Allen—and even in the 1950's poor "Rock Hudson" was forced to marry a woman in order to divert attention from the obsessive homosexual activities that would kill him several decades later, but by the mid-90's virtually every actress in Hollywood is either winning an award for playing a tart or, more often, acting out the fantasy in real life. In Hollywood, nobody is anyone unless she's had at least one bastard: to fail in this duty might be construed as judgmental.

At one level, there is no reason to care what these women do. Every society has to tolerate a certain number of courtesans, trollopes, and sluts, and it was a mistake—a very grave mistake—to attempt to burn out the Old Adam from our flesh with fire and sword. That was the dream of oversexed Puritans, who preached the most severe chastity while tolerating the gross peasant familiarities of bundling which, even when they did not lead to intercourse, were hardly incentives to chastity. Our current moral numbness is as much a product of the Puritan legacy as the social idealism, bad cooking, and concupiscence that have characterized American life since the post-Puritan ascendancy of the 1860's.

For the Puritan, a thing must be either bad, and therefore prohibited, or good, and therefore encouraged by church and state. So long as Puritans were in some sense Christian believers, they were merely irritating killjoys who banned archery and bowling on the Sabbath and bullied the imperfect into submission to their clerical masters. Once they turned Unitarian, that is anti-Christian, they began to have doubts, not about their duty to regulate private life, but only about the virtues to be encouraged, the vices to be repressed. When they were hot, they condemned fornication, Sabbath-breaking, and heresy. They even condemned the toleration of heresy. Now that their faith has cooled and frozen solid, they condemn anyone who is morally judgmental or intolerant of diversity. Dante located lust in the pleasantest outlying neighborhood of Hell; when it came to sexual sins, however, the Puritans lived up to their name. But if fornication was once a sin of devastating consequence, to be repressed by scarlet letters and public obloquy, it is now (since it cannot be as bad as all that) a positive virtue, a sign of liberation and personal expression. Sex is good for you and ought to be promoted in schools through special courses, and the consequences ought to be subsidized by AFDC payments, the rewards and incentives for the practice of the new morality.

America is neither Eden nor a New Jerusalem. At best, we were Old Europe springing to life on new soil. In turning our backs both on the practical morality of Dante and on the moral cynicism of European degenerates, we have turned the United States into an erotic Disneyworld, a glossy pornography shop where nothing is real, nothing is sacred. We do not have nude billboards—yet, but when we do, they will be justified eventually on moral and scientific grounds. Social scientists will receive grants to show how public nudity decreases rape and encourages a healthy respect for women, marriage, and family, and conservatives will write articles proving them wrong, without ever challenging the underlying assumption. Meanwhile, the rates of sexual violence, divorce, and abortion will rise from their currently very high plateau, but these regrettable statistics will be explained away as residues of patriarchal superstitions, because being shameless, we are also liars. ◁©▷

Aliens

by William Baer

In, then out, of deep hypnotic regression,
she told her sympathetic Harvard research
prof about the ship's white, sterile room
in which they'd probed her naked body as
she lay out flat and perfectly immobile
in order to assist the world—her Ivy
League psychiatrist explained—to reach
a higher level of consciousness.

But never did she reveal—she recollected
later, driving past that selfish bastard
Bob's new condo, with a condescending
sneer—that one of her abductors had
attempted to impregnate her, and just how good
it felt, both then and now, to be more special
than anyone else on earth—who'd had the world's
(the galaxy's) most extraordinary lover.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Habla Therapy?

by Janet Scott Barlow

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Instruction #1: "Gather the following materials: a pair of scissors, paste or glue to use on paper, and a piece of construction paper, lightweight cardboard, or a plain piece of paper (in that order or preference) at least 8″ x 10″ and no larger than 16″ x 20.″ You will also need to gather two to five magazines (preferably magazines with lots of different pictures). Flip through the pages and cut out any pictures, phrases, colors, images, symbols, or anything else that reminds you of your childhood. When you feel you have enough material, paste the clippings to your sheet of paper, so that they form a collage. [Now] write down how you think any of these pictures, phrases or colors might have relevance to your current [marital] relationship."

Instruction #2: Make a list of the top five attributes you want in a spouse, "read your list aloud three times a day for three days, then burn it. . . . Burning the list is significant, it releases and transforms the energy [to] the Universe."

The first instruction above, the psychological art project, was written by Jay Gale, Ph.D. a "licensed psychologist," in his and Sheila Church's book *30 Days to a Happier Marriage*. (My guess is that it would take 15 days alone just to complete Dr. Gale's "collage.") The second, the burning-list-as-smoking-prayer, comes from Kalyn Wolf Gibbens, formerly a "make-up artist, body worker, and owner of a flotation tank center in Tucson, Arizona," currently a "lecturer, publisher, community member and world citizen."

Question: Your marriage is in trouble. You are worried, unhappy, possibly desperate. Which of the above counselors do you call—Dr. Cut-and-Paste, or Ms. Burning Love? Whose advice do you take?

Now tell the truth: the very question makes you want to put your head in the oven, doesn't it? I hereby offer my own instructions, designed like those above to help you toward your heart's desire, a happy marriage. Instruction #1: Turning counter-clockwise in a circle, pat your head while rubbing your stomach. Instruction #2: Grow up.

Along with the steady rise in divorce rates (55 percent of first marriages and 63 percent of second marriages end in divorce), we have witnessed in this country a parallel rise in the availability of all manner of therapy and marriage counseling, along with all manner of self-help marriage books. Supply, it would seem, is meeting demand. But no one ever asks if the supply is tainted, if it is mismatched to the demand, if, in some perverse way, it actually feeds the problems that create the demand.

Instead, we see a kind of societal panic, a willingness to try just about anything to bring America's divorce epidemic—and the misery that accompanies it—under control. Many churches now require betrothed couples to submit to extensive premarital counseling, often demanding a specific engagement period, the taking of compatibility tests, and a nonnegotiable number of sessions. The main focus of these sessions is, in the words of one minister, the examination of a couple's "perceptions and expectations of each other." In other words, the principal topic of this pastoral counseling is not spirituality.

And how well do these preemptive strikes against divorce—whether inside or outside a religious context—actually work? The bottom line: no one knows. "But," says Michele Weiner-Davis, author of *Divorce Busting*, "it couldn't hurt."

Janet Scott Barlow writes from Cincinnati, Ohio.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It couldn't hurt. The arrogance of that statement is astonishing. I know couples whose marriages have been helped enormously, even "saved" in their view, through pre- or postmarriage counseling. And I have met therapists who are likable, caring, and, by all appearances, competent. Taken as a group, however, the "therapeutic community" is not one to err on the side of caution. Instead, mental health professionals, whose influence is evident throughout society (even in churches), operate precisely by Ms. Weiner-Davis's motto: it couldn't hurt.

But it *can* hurt, of course. A pseudoscience based on an ever-shifting foundation and constantly changing data, applied psychology has the potential to do real harm to vulnerable people. Worse (at least for its "consumers"), the field advances through the study of failure rather than the observation of success (illness rather than wellness), leaving it oblivious to its own ignorance. The main product of the study of dysfunction being statistics, clinical psychologists thereby put into practice—on marriage, childrearing, divorce, depression, adoption, you name it—theories for which they have data but no proof. And when, years later, their theories are shown to be misguided, inadequate, unhelpful, or harmful, they do not, as a profession, say "I'm sorry." They say . . . "Never mind." Then they advise you to get therapy to help you through the problems created by their previous therapy. One unforgettable example of the self-confident insularity that pervades the field is the case of a New Jersey therapist who admitted to having sex with a female patient. The state governing board of his profession suspended his license for five years and ordered him to undergo . . . therapy. No doubt it is the same prescription the board gave his female victim. After all, it couldn't hurt.

It would seem that in the study of all things human, a little humility is in order. Psychologists have been around for generations, after all, but relationships—in this case, as judged by divorce rates—are more unhappy than ever. Nevertheless, most of the books and articles available on maintaining or mending a marriage are written with an air of dauntless confidence. The problem here becomes not just one of tone but of practicality. For these authors, resolute all, offer interpretations, analyses, prescriptions, and advice that are often in total contradiction to one another. In a day's reading, for instance, you can learn from one source that anger is a normal human emotion, and from another that it is "destructive to a relationship, no matter what its form" (Harville Hendrix, Ph.D., author of *Getting The Love You Want*). You can discover that no one really understands the triggers of romantic love, and also that "you fell in love because your old brain [the brain stem combined with the limbic system] had your partner confused with your parents. Your old brain believed that it had finally found the ideal candidate to make up for the psychological and emotional damage you experienced in childhood." That's Dr. Hendrix again. Dr. Hendrix sticks in the mind for two reasons: first, because he is a wet blanket on every great love poem ever written; and second, because of his "ironic" discovery that "the more I have become involved in a psychological study of love relationships, the more I find myself siding with the more conservative proponents of marriage. I have come to believe that couples should make every effort to honor their wedding vows to stay together 'till death do us part'—not for moral reasons, but for psychological ones: fidelity and commitment appear to be conditions dictated by the unconscious mind." Leaving aside the fact that Dr. Hendrix's reasoning on this subject makes clear that he hasn't the faintest idea—or the slightest interest in learning—what the "conservative proponents of marriage" are actually saying, his conclusion is a perfect illustration of the detached, self-referential, context-free environment in which modern psychology operates. We should honor our vows, we are told, not for reasons we understand—like moral law—but for reasons we do not: the workings of the unconscious mind. That is, it is preferable to see ourselves as sailing minus a compass on the murky waters of our unconscious than to choose values, to *make judgments*.

> One can spend days reading tomes by 'experts' on the subject of marriage and never once come across the words *duty*, *wisdom*, or *sacrifice*.

After the listen-to-what-you-don't-know theories of Dr. Hendrix, you can read that we should maintain, somewhere inside, an idealized image of our spouse, and then, from another source, that spousal idealization is unfair and counterproductive. You can learn that communication (i.e., talking, talking, *talking*) is the first key to maintaining a marriage, and that communication is not necessarily vital to a happy marriage (from Judith Wallerstein, clinical psychologist and my hero of the week: "I'm so tired of this, 'Give me a hug. I need a hug' . . . It's juvenile").

You can even read opposing interpretations of such pop culture icons as *I Love Lucy*. One theory has Lucy and Ricky as ideally paired because their reactions to the world are perfectly matched: they shout, smack their foreheads, and slam doors. Then there's the opinion of Jay Gale (Dr. Cut-and-Paste, you'll recall), who posits that "in the real world" the Ricardos' relationship "would have been a disaster waiting to happen," seeing as how they "engaged in very little teamwork, there was little honest sharing, and there was virtually no effective listening." With that, you are now face to face with the single characteristic all authors of marriage manuals have in common, however divergent their theories, conclusions, or advice: they are utterly lacking a sense of humor. Their idea of a joke is to end a sentence with an exclamation point. The plodding Dr. Gale, blindly missing the forest for the trees, must be the only living American (excluding his colleagues but including children) who does not understand the point of *I Love Lucy*. If Lucy and Ricky had engaged in "teamwork, honest sharing, and effective listening," *they would not have been funny*.

Enough. My head is swimming. In fact, I am considering making a list of all the marriage manuals I hate, then burning it. Having identified what these authors have in common—humorlessness—let us now ask if there is anything, anything at all, they agree on. The answer is yes. Generally they agree that the first and greatest cause of conflict in a marriage is "unrealistic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expectations" of one's spouse and of the institution of marriage itself. And what exactly is it that today's newlyweds (and not-so-newlyweds) expect from a spouse and a marriage? Based on published case histories and transcribed therapy sessions (names changed, of course), they expect to create a union while maintaining independence. They expect privacy without being alone, and feedback without judgments. They expect to be needed within the bounds of their own convenience, and to feel safe without feeling crowded. They expect to enjoy supportiveness without feeling dependent. And in many cases, they expect to continue dating after marriage. They take for granted above all their right to be *understood*, and their partners' obligation to honor that right. And if it all goes haywire, they expect to escape the relationship without suffering guilt.

So how does the world of mainstream marriage counseling respond to the rampant infantilism it blithely labels "unrealistic expectations"? It responds by reassuring couples that each spouse's feelings, opinions, reactions, desires, and needs are valid unto themselves and deserving of respect and recognition, even as all of the above are clashing with the other spouse's feelings, opinions, reactions, desires, and needs, which are, of course, equally valid unto themselves and therefore equally deserving of respect and recognition. Therapists operate from the same assumption as their clients: you have an absolute right to be understood, and your only responsibility is to enjoy your own specialness. The memorable Dr. Gale again: "You are a unique person in a unique relationship with a unique partner, and you live in a unique society at a unique point in history. Your relationship is unlike any that ever was, or ever will be."

Consider for a moment the full implication of those words. If you, your mate, your society, and your historical context are all unique; if your relationship is unlike any that ever was or ever will be, by what possible means do you develop empathy? With whom do you identify? How do you learn compassion? Who are you? Where are you? *What* are you?

The success of therapy (in the therapist's view) depends first on the patient's willingness to adopt the language of therapy. Today this hurdle poses little problem, because the language of therapy has become the language of the culture. The hordes of contemporary Self-ists and the world of Me Therapy are finding mutual reinforcement and validation through the shared exaltation of uniqueness, celebration of feelings, and worship of self-esteem. On both sides the vocabulary is repetitive, self-serving, and hideously claustrophobic.

One can spend days reading tomes by "experts" on the subject of marriage and never once come across the words *duty*, *wisdom*, or *sacrifice*. And here, in the observation of what is *not* present, reality finally reveals itself. The origins of marriage in most cultures are fundamentally religious. And the foundation of religion is one of obligation, devotion, and selflessness, which means that the language of religion—the moral law that Dr. Hendrix so assuredly dismisses in favor of the unconscious mind—is by nature judgmental. But the language of therapy is, as we have seen, determinedly nonjudgmental. The language of therapy now being the language of the culture, we thereby suffer the disappearance of such words (and therefore such ideals) as *wisdom*, *obligation*, and *sacrifice*, even as we endure the corruption of terms (and therefore concepts) like *rights*, *abuse*, and *victim*.

In the value-free world of therapy (the very existence of which defines a value, just as nonjudgmentalism is a form of judgment), lost people encounter only silence on what they need most—directions to the world outside the Self: some perspective on their place in humankind, a sense of historic connections, a basic understanding of right and wrong, and an awareness that selflessness can be a form of freedom.

So we have come full circle: divorce in this country is not the problem, it is a symptom; and therapy, as it is often practiced, is not the cure, but rather an aspect of the disease. Not only is this circumstance disheartening in itself, it is also responsible for producing some of the most boring people on the face of the earth.

A clinical psychologist once volunteered to me that the birth-order combination in my marriage—my husband and I are both first-borns—was the "worst possible pairing," the pairing with the highest odds against success, because both spouses tend to be bossy, opinionated, and controlling (the proof of this theory being, of course, the statistics produced by the study of failed marriages between first-borns). At the time she told me this, I was, as she knew, preparing to celebrate my 30th wedding anniversary. So her birth-order information struck me as one of those tidbits that's interesting, even accurate (yes, we are both bossy, opinionated, and controlling), but utterly irrelevant. It was all quite funny to me, so I said, "That's it! We should have called the whole thing off. It was never going to last." She paused for a moment, then replied earnestly, as if from another planet, "I know a really good book on birth order, if you're interested."

I was completely at a loss. What are you supposed to do if you beat the odds for 30 years—apologize? Only now do I realize how I should have responded to her: "Gather the following materials: a pair of scissors, paste or glue . . ."

C

LIBERAL ARTS

POST-THERAPY THERAPY

On May 20, the *San Jose Mercury News* reported the results of a study by the Washington Department of Labor and Industries which shows that repressed memories—or the *belief in them*—can be extremely harmful to psychiatric patients. After undergoing treatment in which therapists encouraged them to recall abuse or mistreatment suffered during infancy, the patients—all but one of whom were women—fared much worse psychologically than before the return of their "repressed memories." Before this recovery, "ten percent had thought of suicide. After three years of therapy, 67 percent were suicidal." Eight women were so distraught that they engaged in self-mutilation.

But there is little basis for believing that the "recovered memories" which cause so much harm are authentic. According to Elizabeth Loftus, the author of *The Myth of Repressed Memory*, "When people are exposed to lots of suggestions—aggressive questioning, hypnosis, sexualized dream interpretation, re-enforcement of satanic imagery—they may develop these beliefs and memories in response." What is interesting is that none of the women who supposedly suffered torture and mutilation while in diapers bear any telltale marks on their bodies—in fact, the only mutilation occurred *after* they were urged to remember their past abuse.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One in Ten

A Gay Mythology

by Philip Jenkins

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Gay issues are likely to remain central to social and political debate in this country for many years to come, whether in the form of gay rights referenda, gay service in the military, school curricula, or the adoption of children by homosexual couples. It should not be too long before one specific issue, the recognition of gay marriage by federal law, ignites a legal and constitutional crisis. Such controversies usually involve a familiar range of principles and rhetorical styles, above all the confrontation of moralistic and libertarian approaches, and a fundamental difference over the rights of the "consenting adult" versus the traditional social consensus. However, to a startling extent, both supporters and opponents of gay rights tend to accept as factual certain ideas about the nature and prevalence of homosexual behavior, notions which in reality range from the dubious to the downright bogus. Based on incorrect assumptions and misleading research, a whole mythology has attained general credence in academe and the media, with profound consequences for the ongoing social debate. This is no case of conspiracy theory, as the exponents of this fiction are overwhelmingly guilty of optimistic self-deception rather than any more calculated motives; yet the results are more effective than could have been imagined by the most Machiavellian schemer. The rarely challenged assertion that homosexuals represent "one in ten" of the population has proved a rhetorical weapon of immense force.

Different societies accept different forms of argument as providing confirmation for a given statement. While the ultimate warrant was once the scriptural text, the knockout blow in a controversy today is normally delivered in the form of a social science statistic, proving that some inconceivably vast proportion of the population is subject to ills like child abuse, domestic violence, or ethnic intimidation, each of which must therefore be treated as an "epidemic" in need of countermeasures. These figures are most likely to develop a cultural life of their own if they come in some easily memorable form, preferably incorporating a pleasingly round number like "fifty thousand" or "three million." Perhaps the best-known of these killer statistics is the estimate for the number of homosexuals in the general population, which, as every schoolboy knows, is "ten percent." This statistic is crucial for gay rights activists, for it shows that homosexual legal and political rights are a critical matter for a large portion of the population, and that a large number of individuals are suppressing their sexual nature for fear of the consequences. In the 1980's, the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force claimed to represent "23 million gay and lesbian persons," while some activists (and the mass media) often complained that the ten percent estimate was conservative. These, then, are the huge numbers of individuals supposedly subject to social and legal discrimination, who suffer when churches refuse to ordain gay clergy or perform same-sex marriages, or when the Armed Services exclude homosexuals. The suggestion of a huge "dark figure" of secret homosexuals is also convenient, as someone who opposes gay rights can be dismissed as being a closeted and self-hating homosexual.

There are countless problems with the "ten percent" theory, but two objections are decisive: one, that the research from

---

Philip Jenkins is head of the religious studies program at Penn State University. His latest book is Pedophiles and Priests: Anatomy of a Social Crisis *(Oxford University Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which this figure is drawn is so flawed as to be worthless; and, two, that even the statistics that were produced should not be considered as evidence of a behavioral condition called "homosexual."

"One in ten" originated with the celebrated Kinsey study of the 1940's, which argued that about ten percent of men were chiefly or exclusively homosexual for at least three years between the ages of 16 and 55 (his claims for lesbianism rates among women were far lower). The original methodology, however, caused grave concern, not least over the ethical difficulties of reporting children's sexual responses in conditions which have been criticized for violating most accepted standards for the treatment of child research subjects. Indeed, the research has been denounced as formalized molestation in the disturbing but well-documented book *Kinsey, Sex and Fraud* by Judith Reisman and Edward Eichel (1990). The study was also likely to produce a sizable overrepresentation of subjects who reported same-sex contacts both on a sporadic basis and as part of a continuing way of life. Kinsey and associates relied chiefly on volunteer subjects disproportionately drawn from metropolitan areas, and active homosexuals were overrepresented in the sample, as were college-educated individuals. In addition, a substantial number of subjects had institutional backgrounds, generally in jails or prisons. Later scholars were divided over whether the data might usefully be reinterpreted, or if the whole project is beyond salvage.

Already by the early 1970's, studies using methodologies superior to Kinsey's found the number of active homosexuals to be far less than popularly imagined. The size of the gay population became an urgent issue during these years because of the need to determine the population at special risk from AIDS, and in 1988, the estimated number of gay males in New York City alone was revised downward by some *80 percent*. Several influential studies in the early 1990's revised the estimated homosexuality rate for men down even further, to between one and three percent. In 1993, the Alan Guttmacher Institute reported that between 1.8 and 2.8 percent of men surveyed reported at least one sexual contact with another man in the previous decade, while only about one percent had been exclusively homosexual in the previous year. This was in accord with the findings of a national survey recently undertaken in France. In 1994, a University of Chicago study found that 2.8 percent of men and 1.4 percent of women surveyed identified themselves as homosexual or bisexual. Though homosexual behavior varied by race and region, a figure approaching ten percent was recorded only for men living in the largest cities.

Putting these surveys together creates a convincing and surprising picture. Contrary to Kinsey's "one in ten," a figure of *one in 30* would offer a more accurate assessment of the male population that can be described as homosexual or bisexual; and *one in 60* would best represent the *exclusively* homosexual. The corresponding figures for women reporting sexual contacts with other women are somewhat lower. The cumulative evidence is now so overwhelming that any activist claiming that homosexuals represent "one man in ten" (still less one woman in ten) should *ipso facto* be discredited as an objective or credible authority.

But even this improved social scientific evidence does not in itself measure the number of "homosexuals." Clearly, there is a set of behaviors that are generally termed homosexual, involving sexual interest in a person or persons of the same gender, or a pattern of same-sex contacts. However, it is a long way from accepting this fact to believing that there is such a human category as "homosexuality," so that being gay is equivalent, say, to being tall, short, strong, bald, or musically inclined. Ironically, gay polemicists here often depart from the basic left-liberal principle that our behaviors and attitudes are culturally constructed, and that there is nothing innate about the characteristics we take to be normal for men and women, or people of different races and nationalities. Being homosexual, however, *is* presented as innate and even hereditary in nature: gays are born, not made. In contemporary jargon, gay activists thus lapse into "essentialism," an egregious heresy.

In reality, a long anthropological tradition shows that the extent and toleration of same-sex contacts is wholly dependent on social conditions, and the occurrence of the behavior at some stage of life ranges from near 100 percent in one society to negligible levels in neighboring communities. In our own society, same-gender sexuality is often associated with other behaviors, and the adoption of the deviant label "homosexual," but it is not in others. For this reason alone, we should be deeply suspicious of recent research purporting to show a predisposition to homosexuality, still less a genetic element in its transmission.

We do not have to travel to other continents to find examples of homosexual behavior as a culturally determined and created aspect of life, as American prisons offer a classic example of a society almost designed to foster sexual intimacy with others of the same gender. Though often consensual, this sexual activity also involves the victimization of many thousands of young men each year. How many antirape campaigners ever acknowledge that the "typical" rape victim in this country is male rather than female, and that such contacts represent a substantial majority of actual (rather than recorded) assaults? As the incarcerated population rises precipitously, so does this horrendous form of intimate violence. Incidentally, these prison contacts also cause havoc for the recent surveys of sexual identity, which rarely ask whether reported same-sex contacts occurred within the forced and unnatural setting of a prison or comparable institutional setting.

We now have definitive results from the vast behavioral experiment unwittingly undertaken by our justice system, in which millions of young men are placed for years in environments designed to foster unhealthy and exploitative sexuality. Nobody suggests that the men sentenced to prisons are disproportionately likely to be homosexual in the outside world, and quite the contrary is almost certainly true. In prison, however, environment and patterns of opportunity determine that a "normal" group of men temporarily adopt homosexual patterns of sexual expression, without necessarily "becoming gay" or identifying themselves as homosexual. It would be grotesque to suggest that only this abominable setting has permitted them to "come out" or find their true sexual identity.

Clearly, the frequency of homosexual behavior can vary enormously depending on the degree to which it is seen as normal and acceptable, and in appropriate settings, it can reach levels which are either far higher or lower than what we currently find. This has many implications, which tend to support conservative stances in debates about, for example, ministries and therapeutic programs aimed to "cure" homosexuals. The latter idea seems a bizarre use of resources, with therapies usually causing more harm than the "disease" treated, but would-be curers are probably right in believing that they are dealing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with learned behaviors rather than innate predisposition.

In schools, also, we have long had heated debates about programs designed to give students a positive view of homosexuality, which incorporate from the earliest grades texts treating homosexual relationships as just as worthy and healthy as heterosexual, and perhaps more so. These schemes are founded on the assumption that many pupils (one in ten, maybe?) themselves possess homosexual natures, that they *are* homosexual, and that they need this form of encouragement or approval. Critics object that teaching about homosexuality all too easily becomes the teaching of homosexuality, and again they are correct to the extent that creating a positive environment probably will encourage same-sex experimentation or behavior among individuals who would not otherwise be so inclined.

In recent years, the impact of the "one in ten" mythology has been especially clear in the construction of a vast social problem, the general acceptance of which has made it easier to promote "gay rights" positions in education and other spheres. The epidemic in question is "gay teen suicide," meaning the statistics for suicide by young homosexuals. Suicide by teenagers and young adults has for some years been regarded as a grave social pathology, to which any parent of teenagers could imagine his or her child succumbing; but in the late 1980's, gay groups began to draw attention to the overrepresentation of young gay men and lesbians as victims of these tragic acts. As homosexuals were claimed to constitute at least a third of teen suicides, the panicked response to this issue should have been redirected to the threat to *gay* teens. To quote the gay newspaper *The Advocate*, "Gay and lesbian teenagers are killing themselves in staggering numbers. They are hanging themselves in high school classrooms, jumping from bridges, shooting themselves on church altars, cutting themselves with razor blades, and downing lethal numbers of pills. A conservatively estimated 1,500 young gay and lesbian lives are terminated every year because these troubled youths have nowhere to turn . . . because they cannot continue to live in a world that hates gays." It is a "hidden holocaust," a theme familiar from the AIDS controversy.

Gay activists now use the teen suicide issue as one of their most effective rhetorical weapons, chiefly because of its appeal to audiences who might not normally be sympathetic. It is so attractive to the media because the theme easily lends itself to moving illustration in stories of young people who had killed themselves, the presumption being that homosexuality had been a determining factor in their decisions. The political consequences are far-reaching: if young gay lives are to be saved, then the schools and churches must reconsider their attitudes and priorities, eliminating antigay prejudices; "gay-positive" materials must be introduced into school curricula, and gay students "mainstreamed." In Massachusetts, especially, the urgency of the apparent crisis has led Republican Governor Weld to establish a special commission on gay and lesbian youth, in order to recommend sweeping reforms throughout the state's educational system: after all, are not lives at stake? Gay teen suicide promises to be the trump card in local school board battles over the treatment of homosexuality in education.

The construction of the "epidemic" is a damning indictment of the use of social science in political debate, and the uncritical way in which tendentious statistics are accepted as fact. Briefly, gay teen suicide is an outright myth. Of course, some homosexual teenagers kill themselves, possibly in some cases as a result of insult, prejudice, or bullying, but there are no vaguely credible statistics about the scale of the issue.

The manufacture of the "1,500 victims" is an example of *chutzpah*. In the late 1980's, the federal Department of Health and Human Services mounted an inquiry into the problem of teen suicide, defined as suicide by individuals aged 15 though 24. It commissioned dozens of papers, which were presented at various conferences around the country in 1986-87, and two of these studies involved sexual identity. One was a restrained and scholarly piece, which noted the scholarly consensus that homosexuals were two or three times more likely to kill themselves than heterosexuals, a well-substantiated finding. The other paper, however, was a polemical piece by San Francisco social worker Paul Gibson, and this is the *sole source* for current estimates of the numbers of gay teen suicides. This should be stressed: the figure derives not from an academic or a scholarly researcher, and the study was never subjected to any form of peer review. The author in question presented his views, which were then included without comment in the final report, and this was then cited in wildly misleading terms of "the federal government has conclusively shown that gay teen suicide is a vast epidemic." As David Shaffer has remarked, the problem with "official statistics" is that they are often not official, and sometimes they are not even statistics.

So how did we get to the picturesque image of 1,500 people "hanging themselves in high school classrooms, jumping from bridges, shooting themselves on church altars" and so on?

Telephone Psychic

by William Baer

"He'll be quite kind and thoughtful and he'll *love*
the movies!" Picking up her envelope,
she glanced across her long red nails, "I'd say
within the next few months." She truly *loved*
this job, always using her imagination.
She took her paycheck out and winked at Connie
in the corner cubicle. As long as "Jane" believes
that something will happen, then, probably, it will.

Oh sure, it's all a "lie"—as mom so bluntly
puts it—yet it's just a kind of "whitish" lie:
putting her clients in a healthy frame of mind.
Like when her dad would call to tell her that
his tests were negative; or when her son
would reassure her that he'd given up the drugs;
or when, tonight, her husband called from Al's
Blue Star Motel to say he's working late.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Though Gibson never explicitly states the basis for his argument, the logic appears to go as follows. First, some 5,000 young people commit suicide each year (true). Assuming that one-tenth of the population is homosexual, we would expect about 500 of these cases to involve gay teenagers and young adults, *if* homosexuals had a "normal" rate of suicidal behavior. However, homosexuals are approximately three times as likely as heterosexuals to commit suicide, so that the actual number of homosexual suicides in a given year would be closer to 1,500. Therefore, the proportion of teen and young adult suicide cases involving homosexuals is about 30 percent of the whole, or approximately one third.

The argument therefore depends on the estimate for the gay proportion of the population, and that is drawn entirely from Kinsey—neat and unadulterated by any of the subsequent refinements or revisions of that disastrous project, although many such interpretations were available even then. Gibson's conclusion has been quoted as authoritative by other writers, all of whom know (or should know) the fundamental flaws of the Kinsey data. Moreover, Gibson's "one in ten" refers to those young people with "a primary gay male, lesbian or bisexual orientation." What makes this outrageous is that not even Kinsey claimed a lesbianism rate of ten percent of women, even among the very odd sample with which he was working. Nor has any study ever shown or even argued that bisexuals have a higher tendency toward suicide than heterosexuals, as claims of higher suicide rates have only been presented for the exclusively and self-identified homosexual. Apples are most certainly being compared with oranges.

What is particularly strange about all this is that for most of this century, one of the standard weapons in the antihomosexual arsenal was the charge that gays were indeed likely to commit suicide because their condition was inherently unhealthy, and connected to various forms of mental illness. Countering this allegation, the American Psychiatric Association removed homosexuality from its diagnostic list of diseases and pathologies in 1973. A decade later, gay activists themselves began presenting gay vulnerability to suicide in the foreground of their own rhetoric, as proof of the pernicious effects of rampant and pervasive homophobia throughout American society. Today, this latter approach has become the norm, and the rhetoric has won universal acceptance in the media, for whom "homophobia" leads directly to the destruction of young lives.

The question of whether homosexuals (however defined) constitute one or ten percent of the population does not itself have great significance for the issue of gay rights or gay activism. One might follow John Stuart Mill in believing that a society has no business regulating the sexual doings of its citizens, provided that no harm is caused to outside parties, while there is ample precedent for providing legal protections for people or groups who prove vulnerable to assault or discrimination. These arguments do not change substantially whether the United States has two million "gays" or 25 million. On the other hand, it is hard to tolerate the arguments that have been made about gay rights and wrongs, when these are founded upon evidence or statistics that are not only wrong, but which the advocates in question should know are wrong. The whole mythology of "one in ten" of the population being homosexual might well be discussed in terms of abuse and perversion, but using neither term in a sexual sense: the abuse is that of rhetoric, and it is science which is perverted in the process.

H. L. MENCKEN

MENCKEN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

HAPPY DAYS
VOLUME 1: 1880-1892

"The basis of the book's delight is that the Baltimore of the days when Cleveland was president and soft crabs sold for two and a fraction cents a piece . . . is miraculously seen again through the eyes of a secure young savage of the more fortunate bourgeoisie."—*Saturday Review*

$15.95 paperback

NEWSPAPER DAYS
VOLUME 2: 1899-1906

"Warm and witty memories of the great politicos of the place and period, its wiseacres, its buffoons, its city-room characters, its preposterous stories."—*New Yorker*

$15.95 paperback

HEATHEN DAYS
VOLUME 3: 1890-1936

"Mr. Mencken is certainly one of the most accomplished and most delightful writers our country has ever produced. This third installment of his own remembrance of things past is a sheer joy to read."
—*The Nation*

$15.95 paperback

ALSO OF INTEREST

MENCKEN
A LIFE
Fred Hobson

"A thorough and readable biography of H. L. Mencken."
—Karl E. Meyer, *New York Times Book Review*

$17.95 paperback

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF NEWSPAPER WORK
Edited by Fred Hobson, Vincent Fitzpatrick, and Bradford Jacobs

"No greater prose stylist ever wrote for an American newspaper. It is always useful and enjoyable to be reminded of this."
—Jonathan Yardley, *Washington Post Book World*

$16.95 paperback

PREJUDICES
A SELECTION
Selected and with an Introduction by James T. Farrell

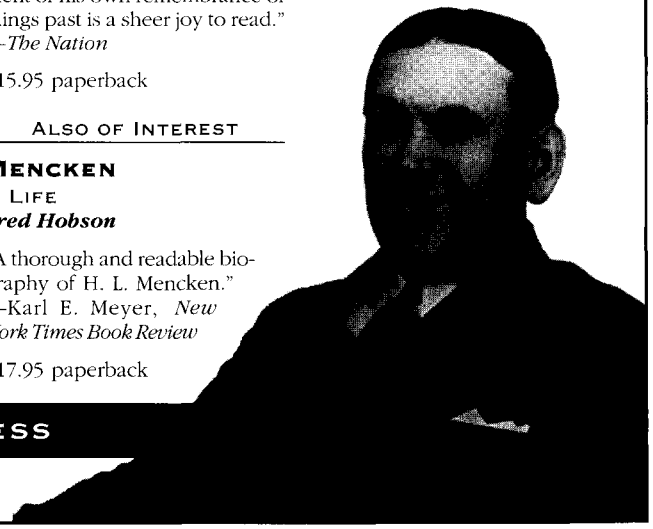
"These selections . . . represent Mencken when he was at the peak of his influence and had, in fact, become a legend. Here is some of his wittiest and most buoyant writing."—James T. Farrell

$15.95 paperback

ON POLITICS
A CARNIVAL OF BUNCOMBE

"Mencken . . . went about as far in denigrating the mental competence of the public figures, large and small, of his day as expert employment of the English language could take him."—*New York Times Book Review*

$15.95 paperback



THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS

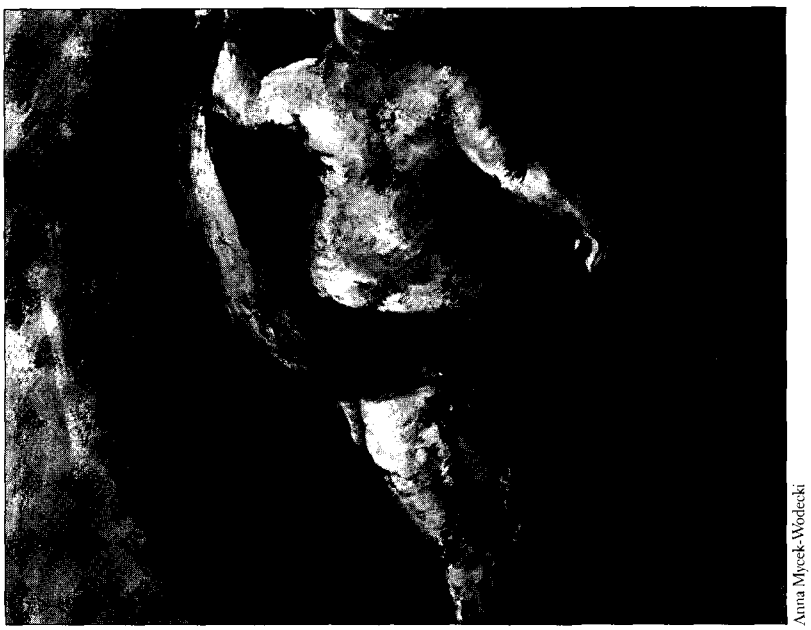
Hampden Station, Baltimore, Maryland 21211
1-800-537-5487 • http://jhupress.jhu.edu/home.html

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neonatal Circumcision

Preventive Medicine or Mutilation?

by Thomas Szasz



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

During most of human history, religious explanations and rituals imparted meaning to people's lives and justified controlling their conduct. Today, medical explanations and rituals often perform those functions. For example, masturbation and homosexuality were first forbidden on religious grounds, then on medical grounds. Being a male infant is, of course, not behavior. Accordingly, routine neonatal circumcision (RNC) is justified—if and where it is justified—not by the subject's behavior but by the significance his parents and society attach to his foreskin. Remarkably, the United States is the only modern Western country in which most parents and society in general view RNC as a good thing, and hence where the majority of newborn males is circumcised.

Webster's defines circumcision as "The cutting off of the prepuce of males being practiced as a religious rite by Jews and Muslims *and* as a sanitary measure in modern surgery" (emphasis added). For Jews, the ritual removal of the infant's foreskin symbolizes his entrance into the Jewish community. For educated Americans, its prophylactic removal symbolizes his entrance into the community of medically enlightened persons.

The biblical origin of circumcision is the covenant between God and Abraham (Genesis, 17:9): "And God said to Abraham, . . . 'This is my covenant, which you shall keep, between me and you and your descendants after you: Every male among you shall be circumcised. . . . Any uncircumcised male who is not circumcised in the flesh of his foreskin shall be cut off from his people; he has broken my covenant." That the practice of circumcision has its origin in religious ritual is so incontrovertible that not even the most zealous advocates of the procedure try to deny it. They do, however, try to rationalize it (much as people have tried to rationalize the Jewish dietary laws) as an expression of primitive insight into its hygienic character. However, there is no basis, in either religious history or medicine, for this contention.

How and when did ritual circumcision become prophylactic circumcision, and why did it become especially popular in the United States? For millennia, neither circumcision nor the delivery of the pregnant woman was considered to be a medical procedure. The penile foreskin was regarded as a normal body part, and pregnancy was regarded as a normal event. Women gave birth unassisted or were delivered by female relatives or by informally trained midwives. So long as that remained the practice, circumcision could not become a medical procedure. Much has been written about the conquest of pregnancy and delivery for medicine, male professionals displacing female amateurs as the sole, legally authorized providers of so-called obstetrical services. Along with this change, the place of delivery was transferred from the home to the hospital, and normal birth itself became seen as a surgical intervention, supposedly facilitated by routine episiotomy. The stage was set for the routine, surgical circumcision of the normal, male infant by the obstetrician, rationalized as prophylaxis. Against what? The answer is masturbation, a plague that could be prevented as well as cured by circumcision.

Virtually all medical texts at the end of the 19th century and the beginning of the 20th prescribed circumcision for a variety of ills, ranging from epilepsy and hydrocephalus to malnutrition and tuberculosis, and confidently asserted that it was a cure for the "disease" of masturbation. The following statement from a standard medical text published in 1887 is typical: "Whether

Thomas Szasz is Professor of Psychiatry Emeritus at the SUNY Health Science Center in Syracuse, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

masturbation is a cause of epilepsy is doubted. But there can be no doubt of its injurious effect. . . . *Circumcision should always be practiced.* It may be necessary to make the genital so sore by blistering fluids that pain results from attempts to rub the part."

It requires education to see the world through disease-colored glasses. Thus, members of the upper classes are the most ardent consumers of medical fables, while members of the lower classes tend to be skeptical of health information, both valid and invalid. The role of medical misinformation is humorously mocked in *Knock*, a 1920's masterpiece by Jules Romains that is all but forgotten today. Dr. Knock explains his views as follows:

> "Get sick" is an old idea. It can't stand up to modern science. "Health" is a word which we could just as well erase from our vocabularies. For me there are only people more or less sick of more or less numerous diseases progressing at a more or less rapid rate. . . . A profoundly modern theory, M. Mosquet. If you think it over, you'll be struck by its relation to the admirable concept of the nation in arms, a concept from which our modern states derive their strength.

This parody has become our social reality. We conceptualize every problem in living—from the misbehavior of youth to the melancholia of the elderly—as a disease. Given this mindset, it is not surprising that circumcision became medicalized and that RNC proved to be especially popular in the United States. About the same time (in the 1950's) that the British National Health Service stopped paying for RNC, American third-party payers, including welfare programs, began to reimburse the procedure and circumcision became the American standard. By 1993, the rate of circumcision dropped to between five and six percent in Britain, and stood at 80 to 90 percent in the United States. Despite this, the incidence of the cancer of the penis is higher in the United States than in Denmark and Japan, "where circumcision is done only for clear medical indications."

Why is RNC legal? Because it is defined as preventive medicine. Why is it defined as preventive medicine? To avoid having to ban it as male genital mutilation. This reciprocal relationship between language and law is intrinsic to our concept of legality. Whether a particular act is legal or illegal depends on what we call it. Killing in the name of "self-defense" is legal; "murder" is a crime. We call the removal of the foreskin of the male newborn "routine neonatal circumcision," and the removal of parts of the female genitalia "female genital mutilation" (FGM). Language thus prejudges the legitimacy (or illegitimacy) of the practice.

Although female circumcision is not the subject of this essay, and although it is an anatomically far more serious mutilation than RNC, I wish to add two brief remarks. First, because FGM is banned in many Western countries and is not an accepted medical procedure in the United States, RNC at home is a more important civil rights issue than FGM is abroad. Second, although most Americans refuse to compare the two procedures, the similarities are obvious (and apparent to Europeans): both interventions alter the normal anatomy of the genital organs, and the people who practice them attribute health benefits to both (Americans to male circumcision, Africans to female circumcision).

Neither the risk of cancer of the penis nor the risk of other problems associated with the male urogenital organ justifies *routine* circumcision. Cancer of the penis is a rare condition that occurs only in middle age or later, affording young males who fear developing the disease time to submit to prophylactic circumcision. Other pathological conditions associated with the uncircumcised penis, such as phimosis severe enough to interfere with urination and urinary tract infections, are indications for treating the affected children, not for RNC.

> Virtually all medical texts at the end of the 19th century and the beginning of the 20th prescribed circumcision for a variety of ills.

It requires more credulity than befits us to believe the absurd premise on which the practice of RNC ultimately rests, namely, that the only mammal in creation born in a condition that requires immediate surgical correction is the human male. Accordingly, it is not enough for physicians to conclude, as does the author of a comment in the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine*, that "The benefits [of circumcision] appear to be uncertain. It, therefore, seems prudent to consider neonatal circumcision a procedure to be performed at the discretion of parents, not as a part of routine medical care. Omitting circumcision in the neonatal period should not be considered medical neglect. Parents should be informed of the current state of medical knowledge regarding the risks and benefits of the procedure. *Their ultimate decision may hinge on nonmedical considerations.*" (Emphasis added.)

If the parents' ultimate decision to circumcise their male infant hinges on nonmedical considerations, then RNC is a *medically* unjustifiable practice. It is relevant to note that observant Jewish parents still employ mohels to circumcise their male infants, a practice the American Medical Association explicitly endorses.

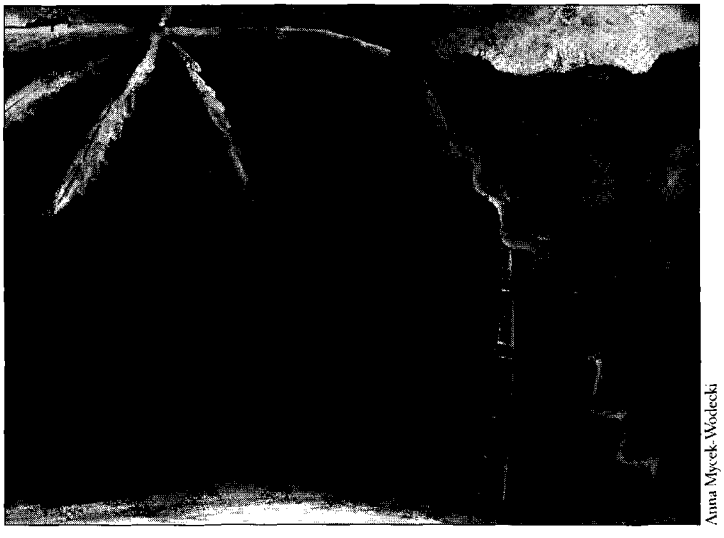
If RNC is *medically* unjustifiable, does it constitute a form of child abuse? Persons unbound by Jewish and Islamic religious rules might reach that conclusion. Should it be illegal? Therein lies our ethical dilemma. We must balance the (relatively small) harm RNC does to the individual against the (potentially vast) harm that strengthening the state at the expense of the family does to everyone. Because the family remains our most secure shield against the encroachments of the therapeutic state, the dilemma calls for compromise. Preventing RNC does not warrant enlisting the coercive apparatus of the state against the religious values of parents. It does warrant, however, enlisting the persuasive powers of physicians—and the media—in the task of informing parents of newborn males about the medically dubious and morally problematic nature of this ostensibly hygienic procedure.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Right Stuff

Drugs and Democracy

by Tomislav Sunic



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Morphine is said to be good for people subject to severe depressions, or even pessimism. Although the drug first surfaced in a laboratory at the end of the last century, its basis, opium, had been used earlier by many aristocratic and reactionary thinkers. A young and secretive German romantic, Novalis, enjoyed eating and smoking opium juice, probably because he had always yearned to alleviate his nostalgia for death. Probably in order to write his poem *Sehnsucht nach dem Tode*. Early poets of Romanticism rejected the philosophy of rationalism and historical optimism. They turned inward to their irrational feelings, shrouding themselves in the pensive loneliness which opiates endlessly offer.

Once upon a distant time we met Homer's Odysseus, who was frequently nagged by the childish behavior of his pesky sailors. Somewhere along the shores of northern Africa, Odysseus and his sailors had strayed away into the mythical land of the lotus flower. As soon as his sailors began to eat the lotus plant, they sank into forgetfulness, and immediately forgot their history and their homeland. It was with great pain that Odysseus succeeded in extracting them from artificial paradises. What can be worse for a nation than to erase its past and lose its collective memory?

Unlike many modern wannabe conservatives and televangelists, Greeks and Romans were not hypocrites. They frankly acknowledged the pleasures of wine and women. *Sine Cerere et Bacco friget Venus*—without food and wine sexual life withers away, too.

The escape from industrial reality and the maddening crowd was one of the main motives for drug use among some reactionary poets and thinkers, who could not face the onset of mass society. The advent of early liberalism and socialism was accompanied not only by factory chimneys, but also by loneliness, decay, and decadence. If one could, therefore, not escape to the sunny Mediterranean, then one had to craft one's own artificial paradise in rainy and foggy London. The young English Tory Thomas De Quincey, in his essay *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, relates his Soho escapades with a poor prostitute Anna, as well as his spiritual journeys in the aftertaste of opium. De Quincey has a feeling that one life-minute lasts a century, finally putting an end to the reckless flow of time.

The mystique of opium was also grasped by the mid-19th century French symbolist and poet Charles Baudelaire. He continued the aristo-nihilistic-revolutionary-conservative tradition of dope indulgence via the water pipe, i.e., the Pakistan huka. Similar to the lonely albatross, Baudelaire observes the decaying France in which the steamroller of coming liberalism and democratism mercilessly crushes all esthetics and all poetics.

When studying the escapism of postmodernity, it is impossible to circumvent the leftist subculture and its pseudointellectual sycophants of 1968. The so-called sixty-eighters hollered out not only for liberty from all political authority, but also for free sex and drugs. Are these leftist claims not part of the modern religion of human rights? At the beginning of the 60's, the musical alter egos of the Western left, the Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan, called out to millions of young people throughout America and Europe, telling intruders to "get off of my cloud" and concluding that "everybody must get stoned."

Predictably, the right-wing answer to the decadence of liberal democracy was nihilistic counterdecadence. The main difference, however, between these two is that reactionary and rightist addicts do drugs for elitist and esoteric purposes. By their temperament and literary style they reject all democracy—whether it is of a socialist or liberal brand. When in the 20th century the flow of history switched from first gear into fifth gear, many rightist poets and thinkers posed a question: What to do after the orgy? The French right-leaning author Jean Cocteau answered the question this way: "Everything that we do in our life, even when we love, we perform in a rapid train

---

Tomislav Sunic is the cultural counselor at the Croatian Embassy in Brussels.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

running to its death. Smoking opium means getting off the train."

Hashish and marijuana change the body language and enhance social philanthropy. Smoking joints triggers abnormal laughter. Therefore hashish may be described as a collectivistic drug custom-designed for individuals who by their lifestyle loathe solitude and who, like Dickens' proverbial Ms. Jellyby, indulge in vicarious humanism and unrepentant globalism. In today's age of promiscuous democracy, small wonder that marijuana is inhaled by countless young people all over liberalized Europe and America. In the permissive society of today, one is allowed to do everything—provided one does not rock the boat, i.e., "bogart" political correctness. Just as wine, over the last 2,000 years, has completely changed the political profile of the West, so has marijuana, over the last 30 years, completely ruined the future of Western youth. If Stalin had been a bit more intelligent he would have solemnly opened marijuana fields in his native Transcaucasia. Instead, communist tyrants resorted to the killing fields of the Gulag. The advantage of liberalism and social democracy is that via sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll, by means of consumerism and hedonism, they function perfectly well; what communism was not able to achieve by means of the solid truncheon, liberalism has achieved by means of the solid joint. Indisputably, Western youth can be politically and correctly controlled when herded in techno-rap concerts and when welcomed in cafes in Holland, where one can freely buy marijuana as well as under-the-table "crack," "speedball," and "horse." Are these items not logical ingredients of the liberal theology of human rights?

Cocaine reportedly induces eroticism and enhances the sex act. The late French fascist dandy and novelist Pierre Drieu La Rochelle liked coke, desiring all possible drugs and all impossible women. The problem, however, is that the coke intaker often feels invisible bugs creeping from his ankles up to his knees, so that he may imagine himself sleeping not with a beautiful woman but with scary reptiles. In his autobiographical novels *Le feu follet* and *L'homme couvert de femmes*, La Rochelle's hero is constantly covered by women and veiled by opium and heroin sit-ins. In his long intellectual monologues, La Rochelle's hero says: "A Frenchwoman, be she a whore or not, likes to be held and taken care of; an American woman, unless she hunts for a husband, prefers a passing relationship. . . . Drug users are mystics in a materialistic age. Given that they can no longer animate and embellish this world, they do it in a reverse manner on themselves." Indeed, La Rochelle's hero ends up in suicide—with heroin and revolver. In 1945, with the approaching victory of the Allies, and in the capacity of the intellectual leader of the defunct Eurofascist international, Pierre Drieu La Rochelle also opted for suicide.

The English conservative and aristocrat Aldous Huxley is unavoidable in studying communist pathology (*Brave New World Revisited*) and Marxist subintellectual schizophrenia (*Grey Eminence*). As a novelist and essayist his lifelong wish had been to break loose from the flow of time. Mexican mescaline and the artificial drug LSD enabled him new intellectual horizons for observing the end of his world and the beginning of a new, decadent one. Apparently mescaline is ideal for sensing the colors of late impressionist and pointillist painters. Every drop on Seurat's silent water, every touch on Dufy's leaf, or every stone on the still nature of old Vermeer, pours away into thousands of billions of new colors. In the essay *The Doors of Perception*, Huxley notes that "mescaline raises all colors to a higher power and makes the percipient aware of innumerable fine shades of difference, to which, at ordinary times, he is completely blind." His intellectual experiments with hallucinogenic drugs continued for years, and even on his deathbed in California in 1963, he asked for and was given LSD. Probably to depart more picturesquely into timeless infinity.

And what to say about the German centenarian, enigmatic essayist and novelist Ernst Jünger, whom the young Adolf Hitler in Weimar Germany also liked to read, and whom Dr. Joseph Goebbels wanted to lure into pro-Nazi collaboration? Yet Jünger, the aristocratic loner, refused all deals with the Nazis, preferring instead his martial travelogues. In his essay *Annäherungen: Drogen und Rausch*, Jünger describes his close encounters with drugs. He was also able to cut through the merciless wall of time and sneak into floating eternity. "Time slows down. . . . The river of life flows more gently. . . . The banks are disappearing." While both the French president François Mitterrand and the German chancellor Helmut Kohl, in the interest of Franco-German reconciliation, liked meeting and reading the old Jünger, they shied away from his contacts with drugs.

Ernst Jünger's compatriot, the essayist, early expressionist, and medical doctor Gottfried Benn, also took drugs. His medical observations, which found their transfigurations in his poems "Kokain" and "Das Verlorenes Ich," were collected by Benn as a doctor-mortician in Berlin of the liberal-Weimarian Germany in decay. He records in his poetry nameless human destinies stretched out dead on the tables of his mortuary. He describes the dead meat of prostitutes out of whose bellies crawl squeaking mice. A connoisseur of French culture and genetics, Benn was subsequently offered awards and political baits by the Nazis, which he refused to swallow. After the end of the war, like thousands of European artists, Benn sank into oblivion. Probably also because he once remarked that "mighty brains are strengthened not on milk but on alkaloids."

Modern psychiatrists, doctors, and sociologists are wrong in their diagnosis of drug addiction among large segments of Western youth. They fail to realize that to combat drug abuse one must prevent its social and political causes before attempting to cure its deadly consequences. Given that the crux of the modern liberal system is the dictatorship of well-being and the dogma of boundless economic growth, many disabused young people are led to believe that everybody is entitled to eternal fun. In a make-believe world of media signals, many take for granted instant gratification by projecting their faces on the characters of the prime-time soaps. Before they turn into drug addicts, they become dependent on the videospheric surreality of television, which in a refined manner tells them that everybody must be handsome, rich, and popular. In an age of TV-mimicry, headless young masses become, so to speak, the impresarios of their own narcissism. Such delusions can lead to severe depressions, which in turn can lead to drugs and suicide. Small wonder that in the most liberal countries of the West, notably California, Holland, and Denmark, there is also the highest correlation between drug addiction and suicide.

If drug abuse among some reactionary and conservative thinkers has always been an isolated and Promethean death wish to escape time, the same joint in leftist hands does more than burn the fingers of the individual: it poisons the entire society.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fixer

by Srdja Trifkovic

"A politician . . . one that would circumvent God."
—William Shakespeare

Balkan Odyssey
by David Owen
New York: Harcourt Brace and Company;
389 pp., $25.00

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The title gives the game away: David Owen, a failed British politician who was for three crucial years (1992-95) Europe's chief negotiator on the issue of the former Yugoslavia, seeks to cast himself as a Homerian hero. After 400 pages of tedious and at times clumsy prose, including every little detail of his busy travel schedule, Owen's attempt appears first infuriating, but finally pathetic.

Far from being heroic, or even significant, Owen's Balkan assignment was purely technical: to help impose an inherently unjust settlement, in the making of which he had not played any part. The pillar of this settlement was "Europe's" recognition of administrative boundaries between Yugoslavia's former constituent republics as fully fledged international frontiers. The chief architects of the blueprint were the German Chancellor, Helmut Kohl, and his then foreign minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher. For geostrategic reasons of their own, they successfully bullied the other 11 members of the European Community into the premature recognition of the secessionist republics at Maastricht in December 1991.

Owen's predecessor as Europe's chief Yugoslav mediator was Lord Carrington, an old Tory cynic who soon realized that there was precious little to choose from among the three warring factions in the Balkans. Crown Prince Alexander and I paid several visits to this paternalistic grandee at his splendid office at Sotheby's, in St. James, to listen to his off-the-cuff remarks on "that awful Balkan mess." His views on Messrs. Milošević, Tudjman, and Izetbegovic were scathing in the extreme, but Peter Carrington equally despised the strident tone of pseudomoralists on both sides of the Atlantic, who sought to construe "Bosnia" as a test of Western resolve in the epic struggle of *the good* ("multiethnic," blue-eyed Muslims) versus *the bad* (mass-raping, sliwowitz-swilling, ethnic-cleansing Serbs). To him, the advocates of unitary Bosnia ruled from Sarajevo were living "in a realm of fantasy."

By August 1992, shortly before David Owen took over from him, Carrington concluded that the optimal post-Yugoslav solution would involve a Serb-Croat land and population swap, with "a decent piece of real estate" left to the Muslims in the middle. He understood that no viable "Bosnia" could be created on Yugoslavia's ruins. But he also realized that there were people in Bonn and Washington with very different ideas, and he was deeply uneasy about the fundamentals of Europe's Yugoslavia policy. "The Germans got away with it because the other 11 were supine," was his verdict on Genscher's fist-banging at Maastricht.

Carrington's increasing reluctance to subscribe to the Manichaean view of the conflict, which cast the Serbs in the role of perpetual villains, finally made his continued role untenable. And so, in mid-summer of 1992, the search was on for a successor. It was agreed that this would be another Briton, but someone whose views were more to the Germans' liking. Thus, yet another Anglo-French retreat was disguised as a compromise in the course of the Yugoslav war.

This is the backdrop prudently omitted from David Owen's account. What Owen also chose *not* to tell his readers is that the job of Co-Chairman of the International Conference on the Former Yugoslavia was given to him in August 1992 by the ruling Conservatives as a consolation prize, when the Governorship of Hong Kong (previously promised to Owen in return for supporting the Tories against his former comrades in the Labour Party and among the Lib-Dems) was preempted by Chris Patten. Although in British domestic politics the then 53-year-old Owen was distinctly passé—a fading "nearlyman"—he was owed a political debt by Prime Minister John Major. Such debts are defaulted on if the debtor can get away with it, but Owen retained his considerable capacity for mischief. Carrington's departure provided an opportunity for easy repayment.

To earn his spurs, Owen had first to prove his solid anti-Serb credentials. And so his memoir opens at the end of July 1992 when, infuriated by a story in the *Guardian* about a Serb-run "concentration camp" in northern Bosnia, he wrote to Major demanding that the Serbs be bombed. The fact that the atrocity story proved to be bogus—another detail known to Owen but omit-

Srdja Trifkovic is executive director of the Lord Byron Foundation for Balkan Studies. He writes from London.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ted from his book—illustrates the enormous role that a committed, leftish-liberal press played in the formation of policy in the Yugoslav crisis. As Nora Beloff, a British journalist, remarked in her review of *Balkan Odyssey* (in the *Times Literary Supplement* last November), "The story might have been very different if the *Guardian* man had happened to be on the west bank of the Drina River during the same period, the summer of 1992. There, in the towns and villages where the Muslims were a majority, it was the Serbs who were being driven out and, in many cases, slaughtered."

Knowing that German acquiescence was the key to his appointment, Owen was careful not to question Bonn's *Diktat* on Yugoslavia imposed at Maastricht. On the contrary, he explicitly indicated to the Germans that he was not going to make any trouble. In what is probably the most revealing passage in his book, he recalls a meeting with the German foreign minister, Kinkel, a few days after being given Carrington's job:

> I decided then and there that I would not spend time on public finger-pointing about German support for premature recognition of Croatia and Bosnia or the rights and wrongs of EC policy hitherto. My task was to keep the twelve member states together, and the best way to do that was to look forward. I adopted a somewhat similar attitude in public toward the causes of the wars in the former Yugoslavia. It was enough to deal with present outrages and future peace.

This is a remarkable admission. By deciding ("then and there") to treat recognition as an irreversible *fait accompli*, Owen had abdicated any possibility of acting as a *mediator* in the Yugoslav conflict. Perceiving his role to be that of the upholder of European unity—which was but a misnomer for an unseemly *Gleichschaltung* on terms imposed by Germany—he assumed the mantle of a *combatant*. By becoming a mere accomplice in the fight to force over two million Serbs west of the Drina River into submission, Owen accepted a role which was not only subordinate, but squalid.

What makes Owen's complicity unforgivable is his awareness that what he was doing was *wrong*. He acknowledges that the Serbs of Croatia and Bosnia suffered genocide at the hands of the Croats in 1941-45, and that their suffering went unacknowledged in Tito's Yugoslavia, yet throughout his Balkan tenure he does not take this *political* fact into consideration. Even more significantly, Owen concedes that Tito's internal boundaries were arbitrary, and that their redrawing should have been countenanced at the time of Yugoslavia's disintegration:

> It is true that there could not have been a total accommodation of Serb demands; but to rule out any discussion or opportunity for compromise in order to head off war was an extraordinary decision. My view has always been that to have stuck unyieldingly to the internal boundaries of the six republics within the former Yugoslavia as being the boundaries for independent states, was a folly far greater than that of premature recognition itself.

Owen's greatest failure, as a diplomat and as a man, was to brush aside *his own* objections to the blueprint imposed on him. He never explains the somersault, and this is the most disturbing aspect of his book. Suppressing one's own critical and moral judgment in favor of an earthly objective—be it "European unity" or one's personal vanity—is the hallmark of a bureaucrat, or of a war criminal. So was he a lickspittle or a Nero? We do not know. Owen is a bit of both; his obedience was bureaucratic, his disregard for justice was criminal.

Having made his choice, Owen devoted his considerable energy to devising and imposing not a "fair," but a blatantly anti-Serb, settlement. The much heralded Vance-Owen Plan was the result. Its key objective was to give the Muslims their chief war aim—a single, centralized Bosnian state—and to reduce Serb ancestral lands to a patchwork of semiautonomous Nagorno-Karabachs. In Owen's own words, "We could not accept a state within a state and therefore had to avoid as far as we could a geographical continuity of Serb provinces." The boundaries of those provinces were jointly drawn by Owen, Tudjman, and Izetbegovic in Zagreb, and then brazenly presented to the Serbs (and the rest of us) as a proposal by himself and Vance, the two international mediators!

Owen's conversion remains unexplained: having made the opposite case with some eloquence, he treats Tito's borders as inviolable, and their corollary, unitary Bosnian state and a Greater Croatia encompassing the Krajina, as axiomatic. But his mind is predictably "rational" in that it demands that others accept his axioms. Referring to a different tragedy (India) and a different time (1947), a shrewd analyst aptly captured this frame of mind: "It was as if the wolf, when presenting his argument to the lamb for eating it was assuming that he was speaking only to a fellow-wolf, his equal, and at the same time taking it for granted that if the lamb was not persuaded it must be a very unreasonable animal." (Nirad Chadbury, *Thy Hand, Great Anarch: India 1921-1952.*)

Since most Serbs were (unsurprisingly) loath to subscribe to Owen's freshly adopted opinions, they had to be irrational, or plain dishonest. He treated them as both. In either case, they were to be denied a place in the New Europe unless they yielded, and relentlessly punished until they did. They merited air strikes, which should be "as surgical as in the desert flatness of Iraq." Towns with a prewar Muslim plurality, such as Foca, Visegrad, or Prijedor, are "Muslim towns" to Owen, while overwhelmingly Serbian towns and districts are always labeled "Serb-held."

By the same token, their enemies could get away with anything. The Serbs were to be punished if they violated the "safe areas," but the Muslims were not expected to demilitarize them. The Krajina Serbs were to be lectured by an "adamant" David Owen for being in Croatia, but a little later we find Owen giving comfort to Albanian separatists in Kosovo. Although "they are ready to wait until they can join up with Albania," and "we could never interest the Albanians in any solution based on autonomy," Owen refuses to exert pressure, let alone to remind them that Kosovo was in Serbia after all. On the contrary, he has "no wish" to meet any local Serbs on his arrival in Pristina.

Once he gets on track, Owen is unrestrained, even brazen, in his application of the double standard. Karadzic's or Mladic's nationalism is despicable, but not Tudjman's. This holocaust revisionist and ethnic cleanser of half a million Serbs is, to Owen, "the genuine choice of his people to be their leader." Owen was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perfectly aware that Tudjman had regular Croatian troops in Bosnia, and quietly condoned his intention to violate all agreements in order to destroy the Krajina Serbs. Accordingly, "There was therefore no feeling between us of resentment at being let down when he did attack across agreed ceasefire lines."

Alija Izetbegovic is treated with similar charity. We are not told what Owen knows: that he had ordered various bomb-stunts against his own people (e.g., the "breadline massacre" of May 1992, and the Markale market massacre of February 1994) in order to gain Western sympathy and support. Even when his Muslim militiamen prove to be "capable of killing in cold blood U.N. troops in blue berets," Owen is careful to blame "someone in political authority, though not necessarily Izetbegovic." The Muslim leader's loyalty "to multiethnic Bosnia" is taken at face value, and Owen selects a benign, bland quotation to illustrate the tone of Izetbegovic's *magnum opus*, his *Islamic Declaration*. Owen does not give us the true Izetbegovic, who proudly proclaims that "there can be no peace or coexistence between the Islamic faith and non-Islamic societies and political institutions," and who warns his fellow Muslims that "the Islamic movement should and must start taking power as soon as it is morally and numerically strong enough not only to overthrow the existing non-Islamic power structure, but also to build a great Islamic federation spreading from Morocco to Indonesia, from tropical Africa to Central Asia."

David Owen boasts that his job "was to think the unthinkable and to challenge conventional attitudes." His ability to make the claim with a straight face is truly unsettling. Rebecca West was right to warn that "one can believe little of what people say of each other, but even less of what they say about themselves." Owen's sole complexity seems to be his grimness; "Dr. Death"—his nickname from the old, Labor days—rings eerily true to form. When he is duplicitous, which he is often, one senses that the Welsh Puritan in him secretly longs to be unmasked. When he is at his most arrogant, he is also, curiously, his most pitiful.

Far from being "unconventional," David Owen is the paragon of the aging, neurotic yuppie. His inner void is papered over by thousands of hours of long-haul flights, dinner parties, and press conferences. He is reliant upon bands of assistants and piles of meaningless memos, addicted to make-do conferences and 15-hour working days. In the end, left alone with himself, he is seemingly as vacuous as the decade, and just as sad. His exercise in self-aggrandizement is doomed, and we sense that he knows it.

Owen's greatest claim to "unconventionality" is his alleged discovery that Milošević had never been the "Serbian nationalist leader" of 1,000 Western editorials, but a cynical apparatchik who had never identified with the nationalist agenda. But by promoting an intra-Serb split, Owen did not accomplish anything that Milošević had not been ready and willing to do anyway. The Serbs of Bosnia and Croatia, unwilling to submit to Tudjman and Izetbegovic but unable to resist without help from Serbia itself, were doomed to defeat once Milošević decided that they could pose a threat to his undisputed authority.

David Owen has failed in the Balkans. He and I would probably disagree on the nature of his failure, but that is a part of his tragedy: this need not have been so. Had he genuinely dared to "think the unthinkable" and to "challenge conventional attitudes," Owen would have been remembered as—at worst—a controversial, troublesome Brit; but at best (and just maybe) as a genuine hero in Goethe's eternal war against *Dummheit*. His unheroic refusal to play this role further reduced the possibility of a genuine debate on the Balkans in the West, and in "Europe" in particular. It helped promote a bogus consensus, and it facilitated the temporary triumph of a narrow-minded, vindictive *Mitteleuropa* over genuine European understanding. Denying the validity of any Serb claim thus became the corollary of excluding Eastern Orthodox nations—above all, Russia—from the New Europe.

The fruits of David Owen's labors belong—for now—to the Clinton administration (which has stabbed him in the back by torpedoing his beloved peace plan), and to the Germans (who despise him). The final result may well prove to be fatal, not only for the interests of the "wrong" type of Slavs but for what remains of the ability of Western civilization to remain cool and detached in the face of interventionist hysteria and the manufacture of enemies.

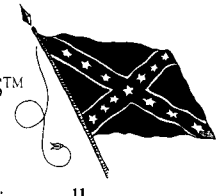
Help Us Fight To Save Our American Heritage!

Southern heritage is a part of American heritage but "civil rights" groups want to remove ALL Confederate symbols from public property. Join HPA today and help us fight political correctness and cultural bigotry against the South.

Heritage Preservation Association

HPA is a nonprofit, national membership organization that utilizes educational resources along with political and legal action to protect Southern symbols, Southern history, and Southern culture.

Annual dues of $39.95 include: HPA membership card, bi-monthly newsletter, quarterly reports, Confederate Shopper's Club™ and the Heritage-BBS™ computer system. Mention this ad to save 10% (*VISA, Mastercard, AMEX*)



To join by phone or request free information, call

800-86-DIXIE

HPA • P.O. Box 98209 • Atlanta, GA 30359
(404) 928-2714 • Fax (404) 928-2719

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Child's Garden of Neoconservatism

by Paul Gottfried

The Neoconservative Vision
From the Cold War to
the Culture Wars
by Mark Gerson
Lanham, Maryland: Madison Books;
368 pp., $27.95

◆

Now a law student at Yale University, Mark Gerson has devoted several years of his young life to a lucrative task: gilding the lily for neoconservative patrons. As a contributor to *Commentary*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *New Republic*, he has spoken out on behalf of the harmless persuasion and is now about to bring out an anthology in conjunction with the present book, *The Essential Neoconservative Reader*. But his comments on the "neoconservative vision" never move beyond tasteless panegyric, and for anyone hoping to find here even a modicum of critical insight, Gerson's book can only bring frustration.

Though organized chronologically, it fails to give the slightest hint of motion, beginning and ending at the same point, the glorification of those Zionist Cold War liberals who came to be known as "neoconservatives." Perhaps Gerson is imitating the example of Procopius of Caesarea, who left behind a tell-all history about his imperial patron after having written an official chronicle of the wars of Justinian; for now, however, we must assume that what we see is what Gerson wishes (or is allowed) to reveal.

What value his book has is entirely accidental. After all, it does carry its *nihil obstat* in the form of blurbs from Christopher DeMuth, Fred Barnes, Robert Bork, and David Frum, all true believers who praise this book as "the most complete history" and "compelling account" of their movement. In several instances, however, the received neoconservative account is used to obfuscate a complex or embarrassing truth. At least ten pages are devoted to stressing the neoconservative belief in the "free market." Gerson credits his group with the insight that "the plausible alternative to the free market" is "a large and powerful government in some kind of socialist system." He also expresses as a foundational neoconservative belief that "affirmative action is pernicious" because of its explicit and implicit support of racial discrimination and the "undemocratic way in which it was established."

Unfortunately, both positions are gross overstatements. The neoconservative disapproval of affirmative action was instantly suspended when Bill Kristol and others at the *Weekly Standard* came out in support of presidential hopeful Colin Powell. This was done because of Powell's supposed usefulness as a black role model, despite his open endorsement of government-enforced affirmative action. Obviously the neoconservatives' quest for public favors in Washington, which would benefit from a Powell presidency, took precedence here over what Gerson presents as unshakable principle. As for the neoconservative devotion to the free market, it is clear that Gerson is following his mentors in confusing capitalism with the cultivation of corporate executives. Neoconservatives have done the second brilliantly, while expressing support for a "democratic welfare state." It is surprising (or is it?) that Gerson, who quotes from Michael Novak's *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism*, does not notice the obvious: namely, that Novak and other neoconservatives fail to recognize the similarities between "democratic capitalism" and social democracy. What they want is a combination of big business and big government from which they can jointly benefit. And so far they have milked both sides, while managing to enjoy journalistic respectability.

Gerson serves up platitudes about the "Catholic-Jewish" alliance in his camp being based on "genuine respect for the other religion." Moreover, "Jewish neoconservatives genuinely like Christianity and the Christian neoconservatives genuinely like Judaism," even if "theological differences do remain." The only thing "genuine" about this observation is its utter silliness. The "Jewish-Catholic alliance" to which Gerson refers has little to do with theological agreement or disagreement. It is a feudal arrangement whereby influential and well-heeled Jewish Zionist journalists and foundation mavens deputize, among others, pliant goyim to front for them. There is some theological dialogue that goes on intermittently in the pages of that quirky little newsletter *First Things*, where Richard Neuhaus incessantly repudiates anti-Semitism while David Novak stresses the nonnegotiable differences between us and them. But such exchanges are not the most significant feature of the "Jewish-Catholic alliance" to which Gerson alludes. Nor is the defense of "Judeo-Christian values," an activity that almost all Jewish organizations lament as a Christian conspiracy to control the American state. It is also clear that Gerson has not read back issues of *Commentary*, which feature multiple tirades against the irrational and anti-Semitic sources of Christianity. I cite as cases in point the voluminous attacks on the "Crucifixion myth" and the Pauline Epistles, published in *Commentary* in the early 1980's. But the crucial point here is that Gerson is misdescribing a power relationship. Jews and Catholics who are financially and professionally dependent on neoconservative leadership do and say what they are told. They praise movement supporters and those who take ultranationalist positions on Israeli politics as pro-democratic and philo-Semitic; they also anathematize those on the other side as racist, anti-Semitic, or whatever other smear will play well with their journalistic colleagues.

Finally, it might be useful to note Gerson's account of the thunderous rupture between Richard Neuhaus and The Rockford Institute, which began the latest phase of the American conservative wars. Since Gerson's received version is put up against my own, it behooves me to defend my account, which is attributed to a "paleoconservative promoter." Unlike Gerson's version, which ascribes the break to Neuhaus's anguished response to anti-Semitism, my own explanation in *The Conservative Movement* (second edition) stresses the irrepressible conflict between opposed worldviews. Though The Rockford Institute has shown absolutely no sign of anti-Semitism, it does present a deeply tradi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tionalist understanding of the human condition and of political life. It has frontally assaulted the root assumptions of the left, particularly those regarding the universalization of political models, the doctrine of human rights, and the use of public administration to achieve social change. It has also challenged the neoconservative position—embraced by Neuhaus—that there have been two civil rights movements, a moderate Christian one followed by a derailed and radicalized one. In fact, Neuhaus's public fulminations against the Institute were aimed at *Chronicles*' position on immigration, a position that has been adopted by *National Review* and many other centrist conservative groups that remain in communion with the neoconservative empire. Gerson is wrong on the facts of the case, but ultimately he may not care.

Paul Gottfried is a professor of humanities at Elizabethtown College in Pennsylvania.

Haters and Self-Haters

by Jacob Neusner

The Jewish Wars: Reflections by One of the Belligerents
by Edward Alexander
Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press; 206 pp., $29.95

◆

Eloquent and courageous, Edward Alexander takes the theme of anti-Israelism and anti-Zionism and transforms a mere topical debate into profound reflections on the meanings of self-hatred and bigotry: on Jews' hatred of themselves and on Gentile anti-Semitism in its most contemporary version. These occasional essays, written in the specific context of immediate controversies, transcend their occasions as Alexander pursues a single theme through diverse variations.

Jewish self-hatred is the more surprising subject, since, as a topic of public exposition, Jews' intense dislike of their own Jewishness, and the psychological and cultural consequences of that dislike, have found only a few important expositors. One was Theodore Lessing, the Czech Zionist murdered by the Nazis, who in 1930 invented the term "Jewish self-hatred" and defined its pathology; the other, Kurt Lewin, whose writings on "leaders from the periphery" and other aspects of ethnic self-hatred, in the late 1940's, proved prescient for the next half-century of American Jewish life. Now Alexander has shown how the relationship of American Jews to Israel—involving demands that Israel display a degree of self-abnegation unparalleled by any other nation—and Israeli Jewish self-hatred have shaped debate on Israeli policy.

He writes in the aftermath of the Arabs' remarkable propaganda victory in the Intifada, which dramatically accorded to the Palestinian side the moral authority of victim and stigmatized the Israelis as oppressors. The Israeli left turned against its own country—ignoring the wisdom of Berl Katznelson, the conscience of Socialist Zionism, who in 1936 wrote, "Is there another people on earth whose sons are so emotionally and mentally twisted that they consider everything their nation does despicable and hateful, while every murder, rape, and robbery committed by their enemies fills their hearts with admiration and awe?" In his classic essay, "Antisemitism, Israeli style," Alexander proceeds to rehearse, chapter and verse, the violent self-hatred characteristic of Israelis' criticism of their own country and its policies.

A single—remarkably sick—example suffices: the invocation of the blood libel of medieval times, which held that Jews use Gentile blood to make Passover matzot, in a poem on the Lebanon war by Yizhak Laor. Dedi Zucker, commenting on the murder of Jews burned to death in their car by a fire bomb thrown by Arab terrorists, said on the fourth day of Passover, "Palestinian brothers, the Jewish settlers need Ofra Moses' blood. They are drinking it."

The equation of Jews with Nazis—which began with British officers in Palestine who spoke, in the midst of the holocaust, of Jewish Palestine as "the Jewish Nazi state"—forms a staple of Israeli left-wing writing. Alexander's account records no story sorrier than that of the government-supported Haifa Municipal Theater, which made a specialty of "the Jew as Nazi" plays. When they performed these in Germany they received uproarious applause from all but the local Jewish communities, which condemned their plays as pure anti-Semitism.

From among the Americans, Alexander singles out Leonard Fein, David Novak, Michael Lerner, Noam Chomsky (the Jews' answer to Timothy Leary), and any number of others who qualify, in one way or another, for classification as self-hating Jews: meaning Jews who demand that the Jews be better than everybody else and condemn them for the slightest failure to conform to this fictive gold standard, and who, where the state of Israel is concerned, leap to the barricades to condemn the slightest Israeli aberration but never find fault with anyone else. Any passing cloud that shadows the Jews' light to the Gentiles betokens the next Flood, and we are no longer Noah but Sodomites.

The introduction of the Nazi metaphor into public debate on Israeli policy derives from anti-Semitic Gentiles as much as from Jews. It is one thing to criticize what Israelis do or do not do; it is quite another to evoke Adolf Hitler as the generative symbol. In this connection Conor Cruise O'Brien has said, "If your interlocutor can't keep Hitler out of the conversation . . . feverishly turning Jews into Nazis and Arabs into Jews—why then, I think, you may well be talking to an anti-Jewist." Alexander takes on a whole wolves' lair of anti-Jewists: Edward Said, Alexander Cockburn, Archbishop Tutu, Nelson Mandela, Patrick Buchanan (with special attention to his Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur sermons to the Jews of some years back), and many others. A single essay captures it all: "Why Jews must behave better than everybody else: the theory and practice of the double standard."

Alexander sets himself not only against a massive movement in contemporary politics—the Jews' own surrender of conscience and character to the care of their worst enemies—and the Western world's reversion to its long history of Jew-hatred. He also stands against another vile incubus of culture and sensibility. As a professor of English who actually believes that literature edifies, he numbers among his enemies not only the multiculturalists but the lit-crit movement, with its betrayal of literature and its barbaric prose. To underscore the issue, Alexander himself writes elegantly, imparting to his prose a dignity and craft that his enemies' writing—cited abundantly—strikingly lacks. (One of his principal targets, Edward Said, writes like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a barbarian when he is not simply squealing like a stuck pig.)

These great essays recall the moral authority and righteous anger of Emile Zola's "J'Accuse," the great essay that turned the tide for the Dreyfusards and against the anti-Semites in France at the start of this century. Indeed, if the book should find its audience, Alexander will be known as the Second Zola. When we recall that it was Zola who persuaded Clemenceau and other French political leaders to take up the Dreyfus cause and fight anti-Semitism in France, we can appreciate the potential effect of this writer's words. And when we consider, also, that words change the world, we can understand the importance of what is at issue. The survival of the State of Israel, the enduring sense of self-worth of the Jewish people in the Diaspora—these in the end define Alexander's cause, and everyone's legitimate concern.

Jacob Neusner is Distinguished Research Professor of Religious Studies at the University of South Florida in Tampa.

One Sword At Least

A Quarterly Defending the European Tradition

A *samizdat* for the struggling Catholic living in the modern culture.

Past Articles include:

- "The Pope vs. Karol Wojtyla" (or The Pope, yes, Wojtyla, no!)
- "The Jaws of Hell" (Breaking with the heretical Society of St. Pius X)
- The Wisdom of Shakespeare: "Othello & O.J.", "Unsex Me Here" (The Tragedy of Feminism), "Of Difference & Decay" (The Pope as King Lear)
- REVIEWS: Good books on the South, agrarianism, the former Soviet Union, Russell Kirk's life & more

For a sample issue, send $1.00 or $12.00 for a one year subscription. ($17.00 outside continental U.S.) to: One Sword At Least
417 Moltke Ave.
Scranton, PA 18505

The Enlightenment and the Millennium

by John P. McCarthy

On the Eve of the Millennium
by Conor Cruise O'Brien
New York: The Free Press;
166 pp., $12.00

◆

Conor Cruise O'Brien, the Irish diplomat-journalist-scholar and one of the more astute writers of our time, lapses into spiteful diatribe in this collection of essays. Provoked by the position taken by the Vatican on abortion and contraception at the Cairo Conference on Population and Development in September 1994, O'Brien fears an orthodox Catholic and fundamentalist Islamic alliance for "the Repeal of the Enlightenment." Moreover, he views this to be the objective of Pope John Paul II, about whom he proclaims, "I abhor him and hope to see the end of his pontificate—*before* the close of the millennium," and for whom "hardly a day passes that I do not murmur to myself the prayer . . . 'May his days be few and may another receive his Bishopric.'"

Pope-bashing is not the only theme of O'Brien's essays, which contain insights regarding the addiction of democratic leaders to popularity, the inappropriateness of secular optimism, and the dangers and irrationality of politically correct multiculturalism. His animus toward the Pope, however, is central enough to require some explanation. It can in part be attributed to his Irish origins and personal history. The child of anticlerical parents (although of zealously Catholic maternal grandparents) who went through the formality of having him baptized but deliberately kept him from a Catholic education, O'Brien was never really in the bosom of the church. He came of age in a newly independent Ireland where Catholicism, although not formally established, was especially triumphalist. The institutions of state and society and the political constitution were formed in accord with a Catholic spirit of an untypical censorious and puritanical cast. In his early career as a member of the Irish Foreign Service, O'Brien, using a pseudonym, was one of the eloquent dissenters in a mid-20th century Ireland existing in self-righteous isolation.

As is well recounted in the new biography by D.H. Akenson, *Conor* (1994), O'Brien left the Irish diplomatic corps with an emphatic denunciation of the United Nations for catering to Western imperialist interests in the newly independent and troubled Congo. He subsequently served as Vice Chancellor of the University of Ghana, and then became a pillar of the New York left-wing intellectual elite while holding the Albert Schweitzer Chair in the Humanities at New York University. In 1969, he was elected to the Irish parliament as a member of the Irish Labour Party. O'Brien, as a politician and, subsequently, as an editor, a regular columnist, and a scholar, has been a constant critic of the Irish irredentist ideology that insists on the unification of the island as essential to the solution of the island's problems.

O'Brien has long been interested in the 18th-century British—more accurately, Irish—statesman, Edmund Burke. He became involved in Burke studies as early as his "leftist" NYU days, when he edited the Penguin edition of Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1968). In his lengthy and thoughtful introduction he went to great pains to distance Burke from his American revivalists, such as Russell Kirk, whom he accused of using Burke as a patron of Cold War ideology.

O'Brien's continued fascination with Burke eventually brought him closer to those conservatives, as his highly acclaimed *The Great Melody: A Thematic Biography of Edmund Burke* (1992) suggests. By this time O'Brien was labeling the French Revolution as a child of the irreligious Voltairian and Encyclopedist Enlightenment and ancestor of the Bolshevik Revolution. He did not dismiss the Cold Warrior American Burkeans, and eloquently condemned the antireligious zealotry and totalitarianism of the Rousseauist Jacobins. In the interlude, O'Brien had witnessed the forces of revolution close at hand in his own Ireland, which may well have tempered his perspective on many other issues in the world.

O'Brien continues to regard himself as a product of the more moderate Enlightenment—that of Locke and Hume—with its commitment to tolerance, reason, and the rule of law, which was best advanced by the English Whigs and the American revolutionaries. He regards

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the American Constitution as "the greatest institutional repository and transmitter of Enlightenment values." But he also appreciates the importance of a Burkean *pietas* or "nimbus of awe" about the American Constitution, for without it there might be an "American nationalism that would be aware of nothing above itself." He acknowledges that "religion and nationalism, which in other countries are always potential and often actual enemies of the Enlightenment, have in America been bound together with it."

O'Brien's commitment to the Enlightenment prompts his eloquent condemnation of politically correct multiculturalism, whose advocates call for the depreciation of the only culture they really know. While multiculturalism, poststructuralism, and deconstruction are elitist enthusiasms, O'Brien fears that if the elite "rejects or thinks it is rejecting the whole of Western culture, then the chances of the survival of the Enlightenment tradition are thereby significantly reduced proportionately."

O'Brien has apocalyptic apprehensions about the Third World, where he suspects that rising criminal elites amid the impoverished masses could ultimately have the technical sophistication to wreak havoc within the West by the instruments of terrorism. In addition, he notes the possibility of engulfment of the West by mass immigration from the Third World, seeing the refusal to admit these problems, and the attempt to disguise efforts at dealing with them by platitudinous terms like *Operation Restore Democracy*, as a sort of "cognitive degeneration"; as part of a collective madness threatening "the privileged inhabitants of an overcrowded planet," whose "suppressed guilt" is resulting in "a collective denial of reality."

Other Burkeans, less infected than O'Brien with bad memories of religion though as committed as he to the moderate Anglo-American Enlightenment, are more appreciative of the pre-Enlightenment Judeo-Christian heritage which provided the premises concerning the nature of man upon which the Enlightenment was structured. Furthermore, having a Christian vision, they do not share O'Brien's pessimism. Rather than a resigned acceptance of future barbarian horrors, they regard as more appropriate the approach of the Pope in reaching out to the Third World and bringing to it the word of human dignity and salvation, thus emulating his predecessors in the besieged Roman Empire who brought civilization to the barbarian peoples, which later became Christendom.

John P. McCarthy is a professor of history at Fordham University. He is the author of Dissent from Irish America *and* Hilaire Belloc: Edwardian Radical.

Look Away, Dixieland!

by William J. Watkins, Jr.

Call to Home: African Americans Reclaim the Rural South
by Carol Stack
New York: Basic Books;
226 pp., $21.00

◆

Black migration from the rural South to the cities of the North is an important chapter in 20th-century American history. What began as a steady trickle developed into a flood as blacks left the land in response to the promises of the factory. The decade of the 1920's alone saw nearly 250,000 blacks make the journey North in search of a better life. Life in the factory and the city, it turns out, was not better. And now the historic migration is being reversed.

Call to Home: African Americans Reclaim the Rural South is the first book to my knowledge that studies the reverse migration of blacks from the cities of the North to the Southern countryside. According to Stack, in the last ten years the number of blacks returning to the South was 50 percent higher than the number of those choosing to leave. Interestingly, their destinations are often still predominately agricultural and among the poorest in the nation, areas the Department of Agriculture calls "persistent poverty counties."

Stack points to a number of factors leading to the reverse migration: these include aging parents, the management of family property, idealism, and factory closures in the North. Personal interviews, which comprise the majority of research for the book, conducted by her in the Carolinas give the work a distinct flavor as each returnee tells his unique story. But despite the sundry reasons for returning, a common theme is clear—the destructive effects of industrialism and urbanization on a historically rural population.

On page after page, black men and women express frustration with the constant fears and degradation of city life. Stack writes that many "had expected to find luxury, people rich beyond belief, beautiful buildings," but instead found "ghetto, street gangs, garbage piled up, dilapidation all around." The black migrants who had grown up in the countryside with its open spaces and relative safety were pained that their children could not even venture outside in the city to play. According to Stack, the urban dangers caused a number of blacks working in the North to send their children back to the South to be raised by friends and relatives. The book also contains descriptions of the heroic struggles of the black farmers who remained in Carolina and fought to retain control of their land. Stack tells the story of one man who committed suicide rather than face the costs of hospitalization and the risks of mortgaging his property to pay medical bills. Another willed his daughter ten acres of land with the single stipulation that she could never sell it. Such a respect and love for the land is heartening.

Unfortunately, Stack, like many of the blacks she interviewed, interprets the desire to live on the land and maintain ownership as a reaction against "land hungry white people." It does not occur to Stack that the black farmers' attitudes toward the land are identical to those of whites, while white farmers share the same fear of mortgages and banks. Such are the results of the bitter experiences of agrarian communities in the rural South—they are part of the agrarian habit of mind. But Stack, who clearly has never experienced the luxuries of life in a Bronx tenement or work in a sweatshop, despite the words of the blacks interviewed, considers all claims for the benefits of the countryside to be "nonsensical."

Were Stack more open to agrarian thought, she would see that the reverse migration that she finds so surprising is no surprise at all. For instance, in his contribution to *I'll Take My Stand*, Robert Penn Warren predicted that Southern blacks were making a mistake by putting their faith in the urban industrialism of the North. Southern blacks,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Warren wrote, had always been creatures "of the small town and farm," and agriculture was the "readiest and probably surest way" for blacks to establish themselves economically and socially.

Stack calls attention to a phenomenon that deserves further study. Unfortunately, she spends too much time inveighing against Southern racism and racial antagonism instead of examining the conflict between industrial and agrarian values, to which she appears oblivious throughout her book.

William J. Watkins, Jr., is the assistant editor of The Freeman.

Paths of the Ancestors

by Gregory McNamee

In Search of the Old Ones
by David Roberts
New York: Simon and Schuster;
271 pp., $24.00

◆

On a bright winter morning in 1907, a rancher went searching for a lost calf deep in a labyrinthine canyon on the Colorado Plateau. Descending into a draw so steep that his horse could not follow, he stumbled upon an astonishing find: Betatakin Ruin, a large cliffhouse complex that seems almost to hang in midair before a sheer sandstone wall. Wandering through the many rooms of the ruin, built late in the 13th century A.D., he found dozens of baskets, pots, and preserved grains and ears of corn that lay out on wooden benches as if ready to be eaten. It was, the rancher later recalled, almost as if its occupants had been chased away in the middle of a meal.

The rancher's discovery has excited generations of archaeologists, who have since elaborated a cultural history of the Anasazi, Betatakin's builders; as "lost civilizations" go, the Anasazi—the name means "enemy ancestors" in Navajo—no longer hold much mystery. They were an agricultural people with prodigious skills as builders, the makers of vast cities at Chaco Canyon, Mesa Verde, and Canyon de Chelly, and their eventual decline may have been produced by their successes, when, having exhausted the forests and water sources of the arid plateau, they faced a decades-long drought. The great Anasazi cities fell, and their inhabitants dispersed to found other, smaller settlements on the Hopi mesas.

The library of anthropological writings on the Anasazi is large. The library of good books for the general reader is far smaller, however, and David Roberts adds to it substantially with *In Search of the Old Ones*. He takes the reader on a closely annotated but not overspecialized tour of some enduring controversies in the historical record, among them the haunting question of whether the Anasazi committed acts of cannibalism in conjunction with warfare. (One day, someone will write a popular history of cannibalism, a subject that anthropologists have been furiously debating for the last three decades.) While he has his own ideas about these matters, Roberts allows that we are unlikely ever to know the truth; as he writes, "archaeology at its most magisterial can only begin to elucidate the passions that grip the heart of a civilization."

What passions drove the Anasazi we can only guess at. Roberts has a fondness for iconoclastic interpretations, as well as for the underdogs in the scholarly turf battles that Southwestern archaeologists wage with a vengeance. He argues, convincingly, that amateur archaeologist Richard Wetherill, who discovered famous Anasazi sites like Cliff Palace and Mesa Verde and who is generally regarded as little more than a tomb-robber of the sort familiar to readers of Tony Hillerman's novel *A Thief of Time*, was a better interpreter of the Anasazi than he is usually given credit for. Many of Wetherill's supposedly mistaken analyses, Roberts asserts, are actually the fault of "museum staffs who later mishandled his collections." Claiming to have seen internal memoranda from those museums admitting that identification tags had been separated from their artifacts, Roberts makes a good case in defense of this long-reviled cowboy, who in fact was one of the few Anglos ever to have made himself truly at home in the least-known region of the Southwest.

Roberts is also a partisan of the contemporary archaeologist Stephen Lekson, who maintains that Anasazi kivas—pit structures long thought to have had a ceremonial function—had only a domestic use: a view that has angered many scholars with a vested interest in the theory that the Anasazi were a highly ritualistic society. "On the unthinking assumption that kivas were ceremonial," Roberts writes, "archaeologists had built complicated edifices, arguing, for instance, from the ration of living rooms to kivas that certain sites were ceremonial centers serving far-ranging populations." The suggestion that kivas are little more than breakfast nooks may upset the received tradition; also, as Roberts wryly notes, it makes the reconstruction of Anasazi daily life the more interesting.

Readers with little interest in the minutiae of prehistoric research will find Roberts' accounts of travel in Anasazi country to be more accessible, as well as filled with entertaining adventures. A high point is his descent into the little-explored—and appropriately named—Mystery Canyon along a "devious route that wound through and under giant hoodoos, poised like the pendulous omens of some delirious nightmare," where he makes a few discoveries of his own. Roberts' descriptions are true to the place, and far more interesting to read than the usual run of guidebooks—few of whose authors have traveled, like Roberts, by llama into the depths of the canyonlands.

"For all the pitiless rigor of that desert land," Roberts writes, "the Anasazi Southwest forms the most compelling landscape I know of in the world." He honors that landscape and its former inhabitants with this fine book.

Gregory McNamee's latest book is The Sierra Club Desert Reader.

LIBERAL ARTS

SPARING THE ROD

Following the example of Sweden, the Italian government has outlawed the spanking and slapping of children who act up, Reuters reported in June. Italy's highest court handed down the ruling in the case of a girl who had been slapped by her father at age ten and had then complained to the police. "Italian parents can no longer hit their children even if they think a smack is of educational value," Reuters reported.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Samuel Francis

Behind Democracy's Curtain

One of the more exciting prospects for the Dole-Clinton presidential contest should have been the "presidential debate," which, ever since the Kennedy-Nixon slugfest of 1960, has titillated the mass electorate with the delusion that the voters actually have a real choice between two different viewpoints. The only reason a Dole-Clinton debate ought to have been exciting, however, is that it should have been interesting to see what the two participants could possibly disagree about. What exactly were they supposed to debate? NAFTA and the World Trade Organization? Mr. Dole supported Mr. Clinton on those matters. The deployment of American troops to Bosnia? Mr. Dole was on board with that one too. The appointment of judges, then, which Mr. Dole has mentioned as one of his major differences with his Democratic rival? But as a Republican senator Mr. Dole personally voted for almost every one of the federal judges Mr. Clinton has appointed in the last four years and expressed immediate support for both of the two Supreme Court nominees whom the President has named. Affirmative action? No, Mr. Dole has abandoned his earlier pledges to abolish it. Immigration reform? No again, since Mr. Dole has barely mentioned the issue and has done nothing to question the administration's position. Ah, well then, gun control, surely? But Mr. Dole supported the Brady Law when it came before the Senate and in 1994 announced that Mr. Clinton's support for the ban on the sale of semiautomatic "assault weapons" was "not an issue." More recently, he has announced that the repeal of the ban, already passed by the Republican House, is no longer an issue. Since Mr. Dole didn't think it was an issue when it was passed and doesn't think its repeal is an issue now, it would be fascinating to find out exactly when he did think it was an issue. Indeed, it would be fascinating to learn whether Mr. Dole considers any issue at all to be an issue.

In short, there is virtually no single major matter of national politics in the last four years on which the two candidates are in conflict. Despite being reduced to attacking Mr. Clinton on the relatively minor issue of tobacco regulation, Mr. Dole by the time of the election might reasonably be expected simply to pack it in and endorse his rival's reelection.

The classic formulation of the view of American politics as a largely meaningless contest between two largely indistinguishable contestants was the remark of George Wallace in 1968 that there was "not a dime's worth of difference" between the Republicans and the Democrats, and that insight, if true of Richard Nixon and Hubert Humphrey, is even more true today. It also is a truth that more and more voters are beginning to discover for themselves, despite all the efforts of both parties and the establishment media to invent false conflicts and differentiations as decorative and distractive rationales for holding elections at all.

But there are deep-seated historical reasons for the convergence of the two major parties and for the ever-quickening disappearance of any serious dissent from national politics and the national culture. The main reason has to do with the consolidation of power within both political parties and the national media by what can now be characterized as the American Ruling Class—not just a series of separate but cooperating elites, but an increasingly monolithic social and political force that shares a common worldview and a common set of interests. For an introduction to the specific composition of this ruling class, how it managed to acquire control of the two major parties, and how it has shaped some of the major political decisions of the federal government for the last century, one cannot do better than peruse a new but posthumous monograph by Murray Rothbard, *Wall Street, Banks, and American Foreign Policy*.

Written in 1984, the Rothbard monograph (which includes an afterword by Justin Raimondo of the Center for Libertarian Studies and a reprint of a 1978 article by Rothbard about banking interests and the Panama Canal Treaty) details the emergence of banking and other corporate interests, their infiltration of the two parties and the government since Grover Cleveland's time, and their role in directing national policy toward what is today politely described as "internationalism" but which Rothbard more bluntly and accurately calls "imperialism." "The great turning point of American foreign policy," writes Rothbard, "came in the early 1890's, during the second Cleveland administration. It was then that the U.S. turned sharply and permanently away from a foreign policy of peace and nonintervention to an aggressive program of economic and political expansion abroad. At the heart of the new policy were America's leading bankers, eager to use the country's growing economic strength to subsidize and force-feed export markets and investment outlets that they would finance, as well as to guarantee Third World government bonds."

Rothbard's monograph is a virtual *Who's Who* of the American power elite in the late 19th and early 20th century, and he shows again and again how the same names representing the same banking houses and families (and later the same corporate and institutional establishments controlled by those interests) dominated the foreign policy of the United States, regardless of which party was in power or which mediocrity carried its banners in the White House.

The major actor in the early part of this tale was the House of Morgan, which managed to slip Theodore Roosevelt, closely linked to Morgan interests, into the vice-presidential slot under McKinley, who was soon laid low by a "lonenut" assassin. Both of TR's secretaries of state, John Hay and Elihu Root, also had strong connections to the Morgan interests, as did several other Roosevelt Cabinet members, and it was J.P. Morgan's partner, George W. Perkins, who induced Teddy to read Herbert Croly's *The Promise of American Life* in preparation for the Progressive Party campaign of 1912. Croly's book became the bible of the Progressive movement, and it was Morgan men and money as well that in 1914 founded the major outlet for the expression of Progressive opinion, the *New Republic*, with Croly as its first editor (and Morgan partner Willard Straight as coeditor).

Rothbard's monograph is no conspiracy tract muttering about "insiders" and other unnamed illuminati, but a careful

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though painfully short account of the individual members of the emerging oligarchy. Nor does he try to make out that the oligarchy is always a unified force, as vulgar conspiracy speculation assumes. Rothbard shows how conflict emerged between the declining Morgan interests and the rising influence of the Rockefeller family, based on control of oil. By the 1930's, the Rockefeller empire had acquired a strong interest in American intervention in Asia against Japan but, because of close ties with German industry, was considerably less fervent about intervention in Europe, while the Morgan interests wanted peace with Japan but favored war against Germany in Europe because of their close financial ties to Britain and France.

By the end of the war, the Morgan interests had ceased to be the dominant force in the new class, and Rockefeller interests had prevailed. Rockefeller representatives like John J. McCloy—chairman of the board of the Rockefellers' Chase Manhattan Bank as well as of the Council on Foreign Relations, a director of the Rockefeller Foundation and Rockefeller Center, and "perhaps the most powerful single figure in foreign policy since World War II"—have dominated American foreign policy ever since. Not only McCloy but also Henry Kissinger and David Rockefeller himself have continued the tradition, as have a small army of Rockefeller in-laws and satellites like Allen and John Foster Dulles, Christian Herter, Paul Nitze, Dean Rusk, C. Douglas Dillon, and others. Through the Trilateral Commission, essentially an extension of Rockefeller interests, the influence of the family (or the powerful complex of interests the family led) continued unabated at least through the Carter administration.

Rothbard confines himself to digging out the individual names and family and institutional connections among these gray eminences and to showing that their presence has infected all administrations of both parties throughout this century. His monograph does not explore in any detail the historical context of the new class, and it is regrettable he did not update and extend the work before his death in 1995.

Nevertheless, a later essay by a scholar of the left, Thomas Ferguson, while lacking the detail of Rothbard's essay, does offer a view of the social and economic forces of the early 20th century that enabled the new class to emerge. Writing in explanation of the coming of the New Deal, Ferguson contends that "at the center of this coalition . . . are not the workers, blacks, and poor who have preoccupied liberal commentators, but something else: a new 'historical bloc' (in Gramsci's phrase) of capital-intensive industries, investment banks, and internationally oriented commercial banks." What Ferguson calls the new "multinational bloc"

> included many of the largest, most rapidly growing corporations in the economy. . . . The largest of them dominated major American foundations, which were coming to exercise major influence not only on the climate of opinion but on the specific content of American public policy. And, what might be called the "multinational liberalism" of the internationalists was also aided significantly by the spread of liberal Protestantism; by a newspaper stratification process that brought the free trade organ of international finance, the *New York Times*, to the top; by the growth of capital-intensive network radio in the dominant Eastern, internationally oriented environment; and by the rise of major news magazines.

Ferguson's historical analysis places Rothbard's exposure of the individual and family connections of the emerging ruling class in a larger perspective. What was going on in the late 19th and early 20th century was the social process that Vilfredo Pareto called the "circulation of elites," by which one elite displaces another, breaks down or adapts the institutions constructed by the earlier elite, and replaces those institutions with new ones of its own design and construction that reflect its own interests. "Financial capitalism," centered around commercial banking and an economy based on it, was displaced by a new "political force," "power bloc," or "historical bloc" consisting of managerial capitalism, closely wedded to an enlarged and centralized state, deeply involved in global management as well as in the reconstruction of American society and culture to suit its interests, and operating through the applied technical and managerial skills of "science" (whether in the hard sciences on which its economic and technological power depends or the soft sciences of mass psychology and sociology through which it seeks to engineer social relationships and cultural norms). It is interesting that in the early part of Rothbard's monograph the principal actors are the family members and business partners of the emergent ruling class, but by the later parts the main actors seem to have few such personal relationships. They have become something more like a true class, bound by a common outlook and a common set of interests, and not simply an extended family or a cabal of big businessmen. Families like those of the Rockefellers persist and sometimes play decisive roles, but the interests of the families have altered and are now dependent on the managerial structures and their imperatives. What is involved in a circulation of elites is not so much the disappearance of old families and their members as the reorganization of the members of the old elite in new power relationships with new interests that compel new and different patterns of conduct.

Having acquired the power to pour American society into a new bottle from which the ruling class may drink its fill, the new elite has little reason to want to retain the adversarial political system around which representative government revolves. In its place, we have "bipartisanism," which is extended inland from the water's edge of foreign policy to the minutiae of how you may raise your children and what books and magazines you can display on your coffee table without the neighbors calling in the hate crimes squad, and anyone who dissents from or challenges the "bipartisan" consensus to which virtually no one ever consented is certainly an extremist and probably is stashing six tons of fertilizer in his garage. Clearly, the only way to maintain the fiction of democracy in the kind of system the ruling class has designed is to stage more meaningless debates and false conflicts between more meaningless candidates representing more meaningless parties and issues, in the hope that enough voters will be swilled by the charade to keep the machinery humming and its operators in business. So far the fiction has sold well enough, but with very many more "conflicts" between candidates like Mr. Dole and Mr. Clinton, the ruling class will be obliged to find some other sideshow to keep American voters from paying more attention to the men who stand behind democracy's increasingly transparent curtain. ·c·

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter From Massachusetts

by Eugene Narrett

The Sex Quiz

"Is it possible heterosexuality is a phase you will grow out of? Are you heterosexual because you fear the same sex? If you have never slept with anyone of the same sex, how do you know you wouldn't prefer it? Is it possible you merely need a good gay experience?" Far from rhetorical questions and accompanying suggestions that Jesus was gay, Ruth a lesbian, and King David a bisexual, these queries were offered in a "sex quiz" given students last spring by "health educators" at a high school in Framingham, Massachusetts. Principal Bob Flaherty said the questions were not advocacy, just "thoughtful and constructive" lessons in tolerance and the golden rule, but that's backtracking and spin. For one thing, teachers don't give quizzes to homosexual students urging heterosexuality on them. Quite the contrary, youngsters today are urged toward sexual adventurism, with condoms as their coat of arms. Secondly, and despite Flaherty's weak denial, the quiz clearly invites teens to try homosexual acts. This promotional quality alarmed some parents.

The "Living Relationships" part of the sensitivity curriculum presented oral and anal sex as "methods of birth control that preserve the concept of virginity," for students who are open-minded. In a workbook titled *Facing Reality*, a quiz asked students if they found homosexual acts "disgusting." Those who checked they did, lost points, and the lower their score, the more "homophobic" they were told they are. Yet, like Flaherty, the school's Director of Health Education, Jim Carey, insisted "everything was done very positively, with thought and sensitivity."

Similar professions of compassion for children have cleared the way for a photo exhibit which opened in January at schools in Amherst, Massachusetts, and is now touring the nation. Sponsored by GLSTN (the Gay, Lesbian and Straight Teachers Network) and titled "Love Makes a Family: Living in Gay and Lesbian Families," the exhibit features photographs of homosexual households and is part of current efforts by the Clinton administration, mass media, and advertising industries to reshape and adulterate the meaning of marriage and family.

Commenting on the exhibit, a supportive teacher stated, "We have passed the point of typical families, so why make a big deal of it?" A school committee member agreed, and argued against letting parents excuse children from discussing the exhibit. "That would be a direct insult to lesbians and gays," she said. For some, education today means imposing vice in the name of mercy and good manners.

Thus, in every school it visits, "Love makes a family" is an occasion for mandatory, government-subsidized discussions affirming feminist and gay reconstructions of gender and family. But some resist the agenda. "Could there be an exhibit of Catholic children taking Communion?" one Pioneer Valley parent wondered. Another picked up this point, asking, "Could we have photos of parents and kids hunting deer?" Others moved beyond these observations on GLSTN's partisan redefinition of "diversity" to worry that "the schools are taking on so many social issues, teachers don't have time to treat traditional curricula," a point reflected in many tests showing the ignorance of American students in the core disciplines.

Despite its homey-sounding title, "Love makes a family" is a coy but now familiar polemic subverting the fact that husband, wife, and children make the family in healthy cultures. As one parent bluntly stated, "The exhibit contains glowing descriptions of tangled sexual relationships, artificial insemination, of leaving spouses for homosexual partners, [things] that could frighten and embarrass a child." More than that, the exhibit could undermine any sense of foundational kinship, for if "love makes a family," marriage should be allowed not only for gays and lesbians, but for any two, three, five, or more people seeking a carnal fellowship. Such unions may be transient not only for sensual but for social reasons like no-fault divorce and the disposable ethos it reflects, but why should incestuous or homosexual bonds be any more durable than the ligature of husband and wife which today is fragile as impulse? And if, like marriage and impulse, gender is only a phase one passes in and out of like an animal in heat, and the nocturnal tropisms of "orientation" its only standard, why not try a new-style marriage? How else will you know, as the quiz asks, whether you might like it?

Framingham's sex education classes indicate the dangerous paths schoolteachers are opening for children in the name of "affirming diverse lifestyles" and "health education." When adults talk dirty to children and encourage them to engage in sex, they would ordinarily be accused of corrupting the innocent. But today such discourse is legitimized on grounds of compassion: if children become intimately familiar with alternative sexual practices, then lesbians and gays will never have their feelings hurt. In the name of compassion, today's sensitivity training creates such wounds by prompting adolescents to doubt and even despise their natural feelings, while offering them attention and solicitude if they confess the new homosexual faith. For example, during "Gay & Lesbian Awareness Month," students at Brookline High School are invited to "Tell Someone" about their homosexual fantasies or experiences, and to wear pink cardboard triangles imprinted with the word "ALLY." These stratagems exploit the adolescent hunger for attention, for having their confusions given a heroic metaphysical dimension.

Along with inviting a new sexual path, teachers also encourage students to mock and despise normalcy. Thus, the sex quiz at Framingham High School suggested to students that marriage between man and woman is unsatisfying and doomed: "Why are there so few good heterosexual marriages?" it queried, arguing there was no intrinsic reason for choosing it rather than homosexual congress, implying they were matters of amoral selection like choosing paper or plastic at the checkout counter, as one clergyman said.

Having posed its questions on the decay of heterosexual marriage, Framingham High School provided no educators to explain how the counterculture's con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tempt for commitment and unnatural law has undermined health and marriage and helped produce quizzes like the one at hand. Instead, tenth graders sat there while the authorities asked, "Given the problems men and women face, would you want your children to be heterosexual? If they were, would you consider aversion therapy?"

Some parents are fighting back. Consider an ongoing case in which parents Thomas and Jeannine Jenei are suing Brookline High School for promoting the gay agenda and bullying and isolating students, like their daughter, Johanna, who object.

Brookline High School is often visited by the major media interviewing students and staff on their fervent support of Governor William Weld's "Gay-Straight Student Alliance." Students disturbed by this new intramural proselytizing have been "taunted, harassed, mocked and ridiculed for their religious faith, beliefs and heterosexuality," parents report. Lessons have included a social studies teacher, Polly Atwood, coming out as a lesbian in the middle of a class and challenging Johanna Jenei, saying, "I know this will make *someone* here uncomfortable, but now let *her* tell *us* [the rest of the class] her opinion." Atwood then reportedly mentioned some details of her "partner's" personal life, and told her ninth-grade class in "Ancient History" that "women can thrive without men," that "cavewomen were self-sufficient and let cavemen near them only when they wanted babies." When Johanna suggested men and women were meant to live together, Atwood led the class in mocking her.

After several weeks of this ridicule, in mid-December 1993, Johanna told the school's guidance counselor, Mark Federman, that she felt isolated and vulnerable. Nevertheless, Federman urged her to return to the class, which she did; she then became ill. When the Jeneis requested their daughter be allowed to finish the two-semester course in an independent study, the head of the social studies department, Jonathan Sill, refused permission, even though such arrangements are commonly granted in Brookline and an experienced teacher had already agreed to provide the tutorial. "Go ahead and sue," school and union officials reportedly told the Jeneis' attorney. "We're going to boot you out on a summary judgment."

Boston Globe columnists Derrick Jackson and Patricia Smith publicly derided the Jeneis as vengeful and ignorant bigots. Reporter Rachel Layne wrote a story omitting relevant facts she had received from interviewees. But in the meantime, liberal readers had heard the marching orders and chimed in with sallies of their own. Writing in the *Brookline Chronicle*, one thoughtful soul derided the Jeneis as "POOPS (People Offended by Other People's Sexuality)." In addition to POOPS not being very nice, he declared, "POOPS are also not really very bright. Of course, any POOPS who move away from Brookline do us a favor. . . . We don't owe the POOPS a lesson in true Christianity, and we certainly don't owe them any money."

Who are these "POOPS," the Jeneis? Letters from longtime neighbors called them "loving, caring, and compassionate people" with "a strong Christian faith and a strong marriage." As for intelligence, both parents "are outstanding teachers in Cambridge," one resident noted. "For a quarter century, Johanna's father, Tom Jenei, has been organist and choirmaster at St. Paul's Church in Brookline, and his faith and leadership were instrumental in rebuilding the church after a disastrous fire in 1976." A fellow student of Johanna's older brother Tom wrote from the University of Chicago to say, "While I have always disagreed with Tom's and Johanna's views, they have always expressed their opinions intelligently and respectfully. Because their views were opposed to those of the large majority of students, they were confronted, ridiculed and teased much more than the average student [but] both Tom and his sister were able to handle strong, often personally directed opposition to their views." Such testimony from an ideological opponent suggests the quality of the Jeneis' own tolerance and intelligence, and also how fierce the harassment of Johanna must have been before she became ill.

Though Brookline High School finally agreed to give Johanna credit for the semester she had endured, the ostracism and mockery continued. In February 1994, she was committed to Children's Hospital suffering from acute stress and failing blood pressure. Shortly afterward, and at the recommendation of her doctors, she withdrew from Brookline High and enrolled in Lexington Christian Academy, where she remains. Her parents have moved to a town 15 miles away and requested compensatory expenses.

David Turner, Brookline's Town Counsel, says he considers the Jeneis part of the crowd that produced the Scopes "Monkey" Trial. The school, too, remains militantly unrepentant. The Jeneis' attorney Randal Fritz notes that this punitive stance expressly violates Brookline's own school code, which requires that educational administrators "make the well-being of students the fundamental value of all decision-making and actions."

One would like to dismiss these unnatural lessons and fierce proselytizing as aberrant, but they reflect a national problem, a new norm called "diversity" that destroys all norms. Lenore Carlisle, principal of Mark's Meadow School in Amherst, said "teachers will present 'love makes a family' in terms of diversity, not in terms of human sexuality." Elsewhere in the Bay State, similar semantic juggling has led to fourth-graders being coached to role-play homosexual couples seeking to adopt a child. First graders are "counseled" about a classmate's mother's sex-change operation. A parent who lauded Brookline's history of promoting academic freedom in "discussing sexual orientation" in class, called the above-noted scandal at the Runkle School "a series of small discussion groups with first-grade students, outside the classroom [in the guidance counselor's office] about a classmate's parent's sex-change." Small discussion group? With first-graders? About a lesbian sex-change? It is astonishing how a hip term like "discussion group" can sanitize insanity. In a program called "Hot, Sexy and Safer," high school students have been told, in the name of "AIDS education," to "practice their orgasm face," and to lick flavored condoms in the school auditorium. The U.S. First District Court of Appeals ruled parents need not be informed of such programs in advance, nor (echoing GLSTN's argument for mandatory discussion by all students of homosexual curricula) may they stop their children from attending. "The plaintiffs have no right to bar their children from exposure to vulgar and offensive language," the Court commented, adding, "parents cannot dictate what the schools teach." If folks like the Jeneis object to the new agenda, they'll have to move.

Certainly, they cannot expect succor from the office of Governor William Weld. The liberal Republican this spring refused to sign a proclamation affirming,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Massachusetts should continue to reserve and honor the special sanction of marriage for one man and one woman." Weld felt compelled to amend the resolution to be more "inclusive," as follows: "Massachusetts citizens reserve and honor the sanctity of civil marriage." Oxymorons like "civil marriage" don't trouble Weld, whose support for "diversity" is second to none.

It is rude and counterproductive to mock gays or lesbians for their inclinations or private behavior, but courtesy and tolerance do not mean letting homosexuals or their sponsors afflict the young by proclaiming perversion to be normative, to merit status formerly accorded to husband and wife. Such equation is the goal of "diversity" lessons, and close behind the push to legalize same-sex marriage (as in Hawaii) and to mainstream youth sodomy (as in our public schools), come those who would legalize pedophilia. It is *they* who make tolerance seem a mistake; indeed, it is they who will not practice tolerance or restraint.

Analyzing cultures across the millennia, Harvard sociologist Pitirim Sorokin found that "No society has loosened sexual morality from marriage and survived. Virtually all political revolutions leading to societal collapse were preceded by sexual revolutions in which marriage lost its status." This is the familiar nightmare that has invaded our waking life. Beneath its surface lies malice, envy, rage, and resentment of life and health, an animus that may be glimpsed in an "eruption of rage" first published in *Gay Community News* (1987) and reprinted last year in Kevin Abrams and Scott Lively's *The Pink Swastika*.

"We will sodomize your sons, and seduce them in your schools. [They] will become our minions and be recast in our image," wrote author Michael Swift, in words that anticipate recent public school curricula. In adding, "Laws banning homosexual acts will be revoked, and legislation passed which engenders love between men," Swift all but described the "positive portrayals of diverse lifestyles" which have become the watchword of the anointed. His boast, "Our skilled writers will eliminate heterosexual unions by wit and ridicule," alludes to gay-lesbian dominance of fashion and advertising, fields which dominate public speech and which rarely offer positive images of normal men.

Lastly, in words which recall the homosexual agenda that inspired many of the Nazis' leaders as well as their street punks, Swift proclaimed, "highly intelligent, we are the natural aristocrats of the human race. We shall conquer the world, and live according to the dictates of pure imagination." In the name of civil rights, gays are sailing to their new Byzantium, a gold-plated, mackerel-crowded Turkish bath in which copulation will thrive, not discriminating by age and beckoning above all to the young. "Our exquisite society will be governed by an elite who will indulge the Greek passion. The family unit, which only dampens imagination, will be eliminated," Swift concludes.

Let us never say that we weren't fully warned.

Eugene Narrett is a professor of English at Framingham State College.

Letter From London

by Derrick Turner

A Mere Rumor of War

◆

Gradually the security alerts on the Underground had become less frequent, and Tube drivers had even stopped telling passengers to take their personal belongings with them when leaving the train. Eventually the alerts ceased altogether, and searches on the way into museums and major tourist attractions became desultory and perfunctory. Londoners relaxed and forgot all about Ireland, except when news programs showed pictures of Sinn Fein leader Gerry Adams talking to British politicians and shaking hands with Bill Clinton, interspersed with vignettes of worried-looking Unionist politicians full of gloomy prognostications of trouble, demanding the decommissioning of IRA arms before talks could decently, practically commence. The IRA cease-fire had begun.

But the Unionist politicians were themselves interleaved with excited coverage of signs of eased tension—unarmed police on Belfast's streets for the first time since the early 1970's, carefree Christmas shopping on Donegall Street, the dismantling of sections of the so-called "Green Line," the fence which separates Republican and Unionist areas in Belfast and summit meetings between antipathetic enemies. Advertisements for Northern Ireland as a holiday and investment location became commonplace. Litter bins on station concourses, closed because of the last wave of bombings, began to be opened up again. The City of London was beginning to be reopened to vans and trucks. Television people and some journalists spoke of "new eras" and the like, as if the two well-armed, determined underground armies with incompatible aims responsible for all the violence since 1969 had just vanished away, negotiated into nothingness.

The words "the peace process" became a vaguely reassuring cliché, uttered endlessly and seemingly to the same effect (so Unionists thought, and think) in the nasal tones of John Major, the patrician drawl of Northern Irish Secretary Sir Patrick Mayhew, or the harsh tones of Gerry Adams. American readers may not know that Gerry Adams was a barman before he became President of Sinn Fein, or that he is an amateur versifier, whose recent first compendium was briefly fashionable in Dublin's literary salons. This latter characteristic he shares with Pádraig Pearse, flamboyant Easter Rising hero, who wrote much doggerel about "the red wine of the battlefield." There is, however, no evidence that Adams shares Pearse's pedophilia.

Although there were continual subterranean rumblings in Ulster backstreets, and even veiled threats from Sinn Fein, the cease-fire was not broken for almost 18 months. It became a personal triumph for John Major (who needed an electoral boost) and even Bill Clinton (who needed a good photo-opportunity). It became easy to depict Unionist fears as scare-mongering and Unionists as paranoiacs, especially as Unionist concerns are often couched in Old Testament-reminiscent language, which strikes a dissonant note in the modern, multicultural, "nonjudgmental" state. Unionists were ignored or derided by assorted IRA supporters and fellow travelers, especially on the left of the Labour Party, who have long secretly applauded the Irish nationalist assault on national unity—just as they support class war, "political correctness," multiculturalism,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and freer immigration. The Labour MP for Woolwich attended the Sinn Fein Annual Conference in Dublin in March, earning censure from Tony Blair, and he is only one of a large minority of far-left Labour MPs and supporters, such as the 31 or so MPs who recently refused to ratify the renewal of the Prevention of Terrorism Act. (Liberal Democrats also opposed Michael Howard's modest proposed increase in police powers to combat terrorism, using the unusual argument—for them—that hasty legislation is bad legislation.)

But Unionists were proven to have been only too well justified when, one night early in February, the Canary Wharf development surrounding London's tallest building on the Isle of Dogs was shaken by an enormous bomb which left two innocent local workers dead amid the twisted girders. The sense of shock was palpable; reporters were genuinely shocked, as though no one could possibly have dreamed that this would happen. Unionist politicians chivalrously refrained from pointing out that they had told us so. There was a noticeable increase in tension in town the following week, with grim-faced police highly visible on the streets and at airports and train stations.

Then on February 18, a murderer *manqué* blew himself to pieces (quite an IRA tradition) on the No. 171 bus in Aldwych going from Catford to Holborn, in the middle of one of London's busiest districts, full of theaters and hotels. Luckily, nobody else was killed, although some were seriously injured, including a man up from Devon with his girlfriend for "a romantic weekend in London" that he had won in a local prize draw. Driving into the city that night for a concert, unaware that there had been another bomb, we were stopped and briefly quizzed by serious-looking City of London officers. About a week later, there was a small, late-night, harmless explosion outside Brompton Cemetery in Kensington, where suffragette Emmeline Pankhurst and the philologist, adventurer, and my personal hero George Borrow are both buried. Police speculated that it may have been planted there in order to kill football fans, as it was the same weekend as a Cup Final played at Stamford Bridge, Chelsea's football ground.

Although there can be no comparison between these small nuisances and the Blitz, the same world-weary but good-humored English attitude is visible in the public reaction to both campaigns. "London can take it!" or "Open for business as usual" was the Londoner's defiant reply to Goering's bombers, chalked up on walls or written on crudely lettered signs over shattered shops. The typical reaction to today's bombings is a good-natured acceptance of the attendant minor inconveniences, combined with the quiet puzzlement felt by normal people for fanatics, and by Anglo-Saxons for Celts. Well has it been said that the British are at their best in adversity. Although full of ill-import for Ulster, the report of these bombs has had no effect at all on Londoners, who care nothing about the troubles of Ireland at all. It is all just a faint, disquieting echo of an intractable world somewhere out there, a mere rumor of war from the western marches.

Derrick Turner is the editor of Right Now!

Letter From Chile

by Tom Jenney

The Naked Frontier

◆

In order to do research for a novel, I spent January and February of this year in Chile, thereby avoiding a particularly bitter winter in Washington, D.C. My intention was to pass most of my time in Santiago and spend only a couple of weeks touring the South. After about a week in the capital, I met up with a Californian named Jeff who was going "trekking" (the hip term for "backpacking") in the Torres del Paine national park in Patagonia. Like most of the foreign "ecotourists," he was lingering in Santiago only for as long as necessary to coordinate travel plans to the South. He needed a Spanish-speaking travel companion, and I needed a tent, so we teamed up and flew down to Punta Arenas.

I finally returned to Santiago a month later, having been sidetracked at every turn by the natural attractions of this longitudinal land. In retrospect, the journey proved to be an indispensable part of my cultural survey of the country: in few other places is the connection between geography and cultural destiny more consistently tangible than in the case of Chile.

The central fact of this geography is, naturally, the Andean cordillera, the imposing and omnipresent wall of rock and ice that has served to isolate the country in a remote corner of the New World for most of its history. The Andes serve as a constant symbol of Chile's frontierish situation—ecologically, culturally, economically, and politically—vis-à-vis the modern world. Even though Santiago is now as accessible as any other large capital city in the world, the vast and sparsely populated hinterlands of the country remain in another age.

On the ecological frontier, the country's attempts to balance the interests of economic development and conservation are being shaped in a large way by the demands of the million-plus ecotourists who come to Chile each year to trek across the glaciers of Patagonia, climb to the tops of 20,000-foot peaks and smoking volcanoes, and kayak and river-raft down the country's 40 major rivers. This year, many of the rafters and kayakers had come specifically to take on the Bió-Bió River, one of the world's most outstanding collections of Class 5 rapids, in the last summer season before it is to be dammed up for a hydroelectric project. Although the project has caused an outcry among First World river-riders, they will probably keep coming back to do the other 39. Much of the time, this California-style invasion did not seem out of place. From the brown coastal foothills to the semigreen central valley to the steep rise of the eastern sierra, the temperate latitudes of the country look startlingly like the Golden State. I was not even surprised to run into a couple of archetypal Santa Barbara surfers who were spending part of their endless summer on a large section of the country's 2,600 miles of coastline. Still, the extent of this movement was impressive. In the resort town of Pucon, I stayed at a hostel run by École, one of several American foundations that have purchased sections of native forest for conservation purposes. The hostel, which covers its costs by taking guests on nature-education hikes, was a surgically transplanted slice of Humboldt County, complete with a vegetarian menu and Grateful Dead music on the stereo.

One of the prime movers in the green-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing of Chile is American Douglas Tompkins, a former owner of the Espirit and North Face companies and a devotee of "deep ecology" environmentalism. Four years ago, Tompkins began quietly buying up parcels of forested land 100 kilometers to the south of Puerto Montt, for the purpose of creating a private national park. By the time the government caught on to his plans, he had become the second largest private landowner in the country, with a domain stretching from the Argentine border to the Pacific Ocean.

The resulting controversy has brought about an illuminating convergence of issues. Even though the neoliberal (in the sense of "liberal" used everywhere except the United States) Chilean constitution promotes the security of private property, a wide variety of politicians from conservatives leftward have objected to Tompkins' plans on pro-development and economic-nationalist grounds, and the armed forces have talked about the strategic value of his border properties. When I brought the topic up with common Chileans, I heard a variety of conspiracy theories, most of them surrounding the notion that Tompkins is bent on creating an exclusive society like the infamous Colonia Dignidad, founded after World War II by a group of German émigrés.

On the cultural frontier, Chileans work rather hard to maintain the outward appearance of conservative propriety, while their society slips (however slowly) toward the general state of permissiveness of Western democracies. Divorce, for example, while not yet legal, looks to be gaining ground steadily, especially in the wake of Ireland's recent narrow approval of the act. Instead, "separation" of married couples is widespread. It seemed that half of the men I met in their mid-20's had already been married and separated, often with children. Infidelity is part of the pattern, and helps to fuel the considerable industry of hotels that rent rooms by the hour. These facilities range from simple hotel rooms to the kind of extravagant sexual theme-parks described by Isabel Allende in *The House of the Spirits*. They are also used by young unmarried couples, since Chilean youths tend to live at home until they tie the knot. As it is, nearly every available public space seems to be filled with make-out artists.

In spite of the general trend, legalized abortion, for now, is barely a blip on the political radar screen. Accounts vary greatly concerning the incidence of the practice. Only the upper-class women are wealthy enough to go to another country for an antiseptic operation, and they are, according to all reports, the most conservative of the nation's women. In only one regard is the United States more outwardly prudish than Chile. I refer to the presence of half-naked girls on the front pages of some of the major daily newspapers. While I have nothing against half-naked girls—especially the Argentine beachgoers who are regularly featured—I did take some pride in the fact that in America our mainstream journalism has not sunk to this particular tactic in its quest for readership.

While the invasion of American culture, and especially pop culture, is extensive in practically every sphere, it is far from the point of overwhelming native Chilean elements. The Viña del Mar music festival, for all of its glamour-pop cheesiness, I take to be a sign of the resilience of such elements. The internationally televised February festival is a showcase of Latin Rock and hemispheric folklorical music. This year's nod to American pop was the brief resurrection of Laura Branigan—worse, perhaps, than no nod at all. One of my leftist friends told me that during the Unidad Popular years, bands like Santana and Joe Cocker came to Viña, which is far and away the best thing I have heard about the Allende period.

Chile is famous as an economic frontier. In melodramatic shorthand, it is the former socialist basket case that was rescued from the fate of Alan García's Peru by the free-market technocrats of the Pinochet government and set on a course for the First World along with the other Pacific Rim economies. But what really makes the country frontierish are the places where the Chile of the economic "miracle"—with its pagers and cellular phones and per-capita standard-of-living statistics—meets the old Chile of entrenched habits, intransigent simplicity, and continuing poverty.

Roughly 15 percent of the labor force works in agriculture, forestry, and fishing, where two decades of often grueling modernization have made these sectors internationally competitive. Even so, much of the cultivation and extraction in these sectors remains traditional. And while this made for some wonderfully rustic scenery in the southern farm country and the fishing villages of the island of Chiloé—where it often helped to have an off-road motorcycle with good shocks—I did wonder about the fates of these rural people in the ever-advancing age of big business and international free trade.

Officially, Chile is eager to join NAFTA. As it is, the country has unilaterally lowered its general tariffs to 11 percent, and it has set up tariff-free zones in its northernmost and southernmost regions. Still, many Chileans I talked to expressed the concern that their nation is on its way to becoming an American territory.

One traditional business practice, that of the multiple receipts, brings both frustration and amusement to foreigners. It occurs mostly in pharmacies and school supplies stores, and seems to be more common in Santiago than in the South. After the customer has selected an item, the salesman behind the counter hands him a receipt, or *boleto*. Even though the customer may have held the item in his hand, he must give it back to the salesman and then take the receipt to another employee who works at the *caja*, or cash register. Once the customer has paid for the item and received a stamped receipt, he must then go, not back to the sales counter, but to a third station, *empaque*, where he at last exchanges the receipt for the item he has purchased. This process, which takes on Monty Pythonish aspects when there is only one employee in the store, occurs regardless of whether the store has a bar-code reader, so it probably cannot be pinned on old-fashioned methods of inventory accounting.

Now, whenever I see a widespread practice that appears to be inefficient, I suspect that the government is behind it. But none of the clerks I asked seemed to think that there was any kind of perverse legislation, tax or otherwise, prompting the multiple receipts. This was further confirmed for me by a young UCLA-trained economist during a visit to a right-wing think tank, the Instituto Libertad y Desarrollo. Though the practice was a staple of life in the Soviet Union, the whole phenomenon remains a mystery to me.

Some quick investment tips for *Chronicles* readers follow. First, I was unable to find a single cigar store in the country that had a real humidor; aside from having narrow selections of Havanas, none of the best *tabaquerías* could

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

compare to the fashion-mall cigar stores in Tucson, Arizona. Second, although the Coffee Revolution is several years off at this point, there may be rewards for early entrants; Au Bon Pain has already made a tiny beachhead in Santiago, but demand remains to be created in a nation that lives in the extremes of Nescafé and espresso. Third, I hope that there is money to be made by disrupting the annoying monopoly in maritime tourist travel between Puerto Montt and points in the Far South. Fourth—a challenge for big-thinkers—would be to generate an exchange market for commodities and commodity-derivatives; such markets are technically allowed by law, but none (other than a gold exchange) have started up since the financial-market wipeout in the early 1980's.

In general, the country appears to be moving steadily forward at around six percent GDP growth *per annum*, with infrastructure continuing to modernize. Many economists attribute this rapid and steady growth to the high level of domestic savings created by the nation's system of private retirement insurance. In a neat case of historical symmetry, Chile, which was the first country in the Western Hemisphere to create a Social Security System (1924), in 1981 became the first nation in the hemisphere to privatize its system. Faced with the imminent bankruptcy of its social insurance pyramid scheme (sound familiar?), Chile replaced withholding taxes with mandatory contributions to individual retirement accounts managed by private investment companies (AFPs). The designer of the AFP system, former Labor Secretary José Piñera, is now working with the Cato Institute in Washington, D.C., to promote a similar reform of the American system. The irony of this is not lost on Chileans.

Only seven years this side of a 16-year military dictatorship, Chile is very much a political frontier. Nearly every Chilean sounds optimistic about the prospects for democracy, but Pinochet continues to loom in the background as commander-in-chief of the armed forces, and unelected senators continue to hold nine of the country's 47 senate seats. As it is, the principal conservative party, Renovación Nacional, and the main right-wing coalition, Unión por Chile, are being torn apart by divisions over constitutional reforms that would alter the juridical contours of the military's relationship to the civilian authorities.

When I asked Chileans about the history of the Pinochet regime, most people said something like this: 1) the regime was reprehensibly brutal, but the radical leftists brought it on themselves by undermining the constitution; 2) the country is democratic now, with a good economy, so we should be honest about what happened but not dwell on it to the point that we get bogged down and forget to move forward. (For a nuanced version of this thesis, read the commentaries of author Jorge Edwards in his 1994 collection, *El Whisky de los Poetas*.) Many Chileans I talked to had little to say about the dictatorship, and described themselves as "apolitical." But as my friend Jamie, who is in Santiago writing his history dissertation, explained, to be "apolitical" in today's Chile usually means being a tacit Pinochet supporter. Still, it is not difficult to find bitter anti-Pinochet sentiment—just visit any university other than the Universidad Católica.

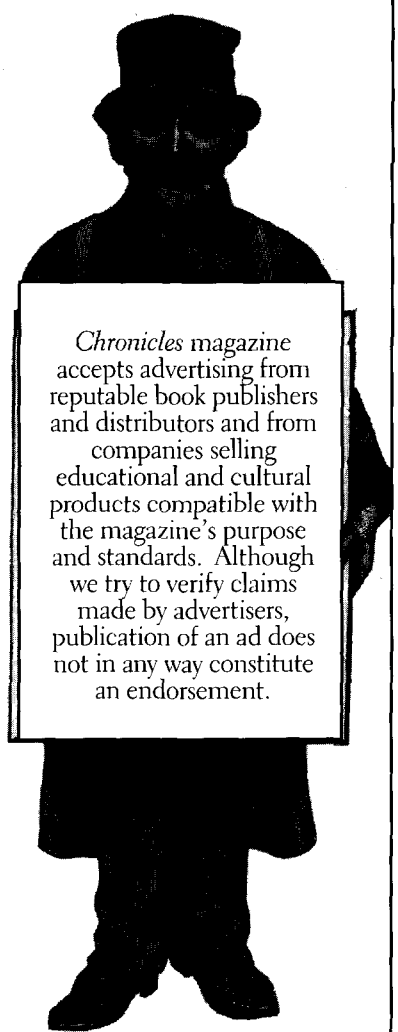
The Frei government continues to privatize state-held companies and run an orderly fiscal ship. Further, the politicians of the ruling center-left coalition, the Concertacion, appear to be restrained in their policy tinkering by a (sometimes grudging) respect for the neoliberal policies that have put Chile ahead of its neighbors according to most indices of social and economic welfare. Still, the temptation—noble or otherwise—to find political solutions to the problems of the poor remains. While Chile's private retirement insurance system is not under attack (despite a year of bad returns for the AFPs), the ISAPRE system—a medical savings account analog—may be undermined by plans to require all workers to contribute to the public health system. And, in a recent poll, Socialist Party public works minister Ricardo Lagos beat out all other national political figures by wide margins.

It will remain to be seen how the divided right responds as the center-left mounts future assaults on the edifice of neoliberal policy. Although its current synthesis is overwhelmingly neoliberal, Chilean conservatism in the 20th century—from Francisco Encina to Mario Góngora—has rarely been more than an uneasy ally of free-market liberalism.

As the modern world comes pouring over the Andes and washes up on the beaches of its long Pacific coast, Chile may eventually lose many of its more frontierish elements. In any case, it remains at present an exceptionally comfortable place to travel, thanks to helpful and friendly people, low prices, low crime, and low levels of official corruption (which have given it a reputation as the "South American Prussia"). And, while it's too early to predict a trend, I did meet several Americans down there who had moved to Chile to work, winter, and retire. I understand their enthusiasm.

Tom Jenney is a freelance writer living in Arlington, Virginia.

Advertising Policy



Chronicles magazine accepts advertising from reputable book publishers and distributors and from companies selling educational and cultural products compatible with the magazine's purpose and standards. Although we try to verify claims made by advertisers, publication of an ad does not in any way constitute an endorsement.

Chronicles ADVERTISING DEPT.
934 N. MAIN ST.,ROCKFORD, IL 61103
815-964-5813

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POP CULTURE

The Model and the Maid

by Theodore Pappas

"It is amazing how complete is the delusion that beauty is goodness." Tolstoy's remark shot to mind this summer, when supermodel Linda Evangelista won 80,000 French francs in damages from her lawsuit against Jean-Marie Le Pen and the National Front Party of France. The controversy stemmed from Le Pen's campaign posters, which depicted a Joan of Arc that looked strikingly similar to the short-haired, cat-eyed megamodel from Ontario. In accordance with the court's decision, the posters have been banned.

A lawyer for the National Front called the flap "perfectly ridiculous" and said the party would appeal the decision. "When you look at the poster you think only of Jeanne d'Arc," he said. Ms. Evangelista's modeling agency, Elite of Paris, strongly disagreed and also sued, arguing that the poster was an invasion of its client's privacy, infringed on the company's right to control the model's image, and damaged its "reputation and honour." The *London Telegraph* reported that "Ms. Evangelista is well known for her determined and independent attitude," and quoted one of the model's friends as saying, "Linda won't do anything she doesn't want to do and is very idealistic."

Now, famous people should certainly control how their likeness is used and marketed. Dennis Rodman, for example, has every right to sue the enterprising young capitalist selling T-shirts depicting the Chicago Bulls star's "body art," pierced navel and all, and surely this same right should be extended to Ms. Evangelista. But forget for a moment the legalities of the case, and set aside the supermodel's reported disdain for Le Pen and his far-right politics. For the basic fact remains that—for whatever reasons—an "independent" and "determined" woman, one who is protective of her reputation and proud of her "idealism," has objected to being portrayed as Joan of Arc.

One might think that Ms. Evangelista, given her Roman Catholic background and concern for her public image, would have felt honored to portray Jeanne La Pucelle. After all, the supermodel has been hailed as a symbol of the "empowerment" of women, and what historical figure would better fit an empowered Catholic woman's pantheon of saints than Joan of Arc? A poor peasant girl battles male chauvinism and the old-boy network and rises to world fame in a male-dominated profession; she fights for her country and is wounded in battle, captured by quislings, and allowed to rot in prison by the very king she risked her life for; she is then sold to the enemy, condemned to death by an all-male panel of eggheads, and burned alive for her "idealistic" beliefs. More fashionable still, Joan of Arc was one of the most famous cross-dressers in Western history, one who died undefiled by the devil's seed—i.e., she died a virgin. Could Sigourney Weaver or Meg Ryan ask for anything more?

Of course, the reason we shouldn't expect to see *The Maid From Domrémy* at the theaters anytime soon is that Joan of Arc's "feminism" was neither a goal in itself nor a means to a selfish or material end. It was not a cudgel with which to play Thelma and Louise, or a crass strategy for acquiring riches and fame, but a means to a more significant, less tangible end, one virtually inconceivable because of its rarity today: sacrifice for the greater glory of God. Joan of Arc claimed to have heard and acted on the voice of the Almighty—Yahweh, not Hillary—and to double the offense, she was a martyr for a faith led today by a celibate old killjoy, a white male no less, who opposes such progress as the ordination of women and same-sex marriages. Moreover, whenever Catholics do deign to celebrate women, their heroines, we're told, turn out to be hucksters and frauds, more sinners than saints. As the Kathie Lee Gifford of Grub Street is always whining—Christopher Hitchens, that is—Mother Teresa is a "ghoul."

What really motivated the model and her agents to sue Le Pen—was it politics or the pocketbook, or a little of both?—will probably never be known. But what can be said is that the media's moralistic spin on this story—that a brave and courageous woman has faced down a clique of reactionary white men because she is devoted to principle and ideals—is highly suspect. For "independent" and "determined" Ms. Evangelista may be, but a devotion to "principle" and "ideals"—at least to any principles and ideals consonant with Catholicism—would seem a dubious characterization of the model's much-publicized career.

Linda Evangelista has long been touted as one of the most beautiful women in the world and one of the most successful persons in her field. Many worship her high cheekbones and almond-shaped eyes, though fashion illustrator Mats Gustafson has praised her "beautiful nostrils that tilt another way, and a mouth that angles in a third direction," which makes her sound like one of the extras in Tod Browning's film *Freaks*. She was part of what the fashion world dubbed the "Trinity"—Evangelista, Naomi Campbell, and Christy Turlington—and this hallowed term reflects the reverence with which the institutions of pop culture groveled before these icons between 1986 and 1991, when the waifish Kate Moss finally stole the limelight. This triumvirate came to epitomize Western fashion and were the prototypes of what today is called the "supermodel," earning fees unprecedented in the history of their profession and garnering the kind of slavish attention which only movie stars in Hollywood's glory days once enjoyed. No longer would models be mannequins, mere human clothes-hangers, as they were in the 1930's; they were now sex symbols, celebrities, and cultural metaphors.

"It's all about models today!" John Towne's lament was never more appropriate than last year, when both fashion and nonfashion publication alike covered Ms. Evangelista's decision to do "the bob." *Harper's Bazaar* replayed the "event" snip by snip in its July issue, reporting that the bold new coiffure proved "drama is Evangelista's middle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

name," for when the climactic cut occurred, amid "unbelievable chaos," the "haircolor icon of our time" persevered like the "determined" woman she is.

"When Garren did this cut, I didn't even flinch," the model bragged. It was only after the wrenching experience, like a soldier plagued by flashbacks of the front, that the emotions of the event got the best of her. "It was at Louis' [the hair colorist's] that it hit me," she confessed, "when we were rinsing the toner. I was sobbing at the sink—I was so emotional about the color." Ah, yes, the color.

Joan of Arc took an arrow through the thigh. Whether she flinched or got emotional, history doesn't say.

Born to an Italian Catholic family in St. Catharines, Ontario, in 1965, Ms. Evangelista admits to a childhood obsession with every aspect of "fashion—with the magazines, the models and the poses." After entering the Miss Teen Niagara contest at age 16, she moved to New York and then to Paris, where at age 19—the age at which Joan of Arc was burned alive for her "idealistic" beliefs—she reportedly had affairs with various moguls of the Parisian modeling scene, including one with her future husband, Gérald Marie, later president and part owner of Elite in Paris.

As Linda's star rose, and the famed Trinity graced every runway, atelier, and magazine cover in the fashion world, reports began surfacing about unscrupulous behavior by both her and her husband. Michael Gross, in *Model: The Ugly Business of Beautiful Women* (1995), could find few people to speak kindly about either of them, citing an April Ducksbury of Models One in London as saying, "Gérald had the most horrible reputation—just a ruthless barbarian." Someone else called him a "sleaze."

Regarding the "independent" Linda, she has long been known as "Evil-angelista" in the modeling world, more famous for her rudeness and prima donna outbursts than for any principles and idealism. "We don't vogue—we are vogue," she told *People*. "We have this expression, Christy [Turlington] and I," she gloated to *Vogue*, "We don't wake up for less than $10,000 a day." Which is apparently true. When France's *Nouvel Observateur* requested an interview with Linda and was told that the price would be $10,000 plus a 20 percent service fee, the magazine refused: it published instead the number of Somalis who could be fed on the model's salary. The third person in the Trinity, Naomi Campbell, has had her share of scandal as well, refusing to share the runway with any other black model and chalking up affairs with a host of famous men, from Mike Tyson, Robert De Niro, and Sylvester Stallone to rock stars Eric Clapton and Adam Clayton. She was reportedly fired by Elite in 1993 for "unspecified bad behavior."

There were even rumors of a lesbian relationship between Linda and Christy Turlington, a story fueled by their lewd gyrations in the swing mounted over the dance floor at a New York disco in 1990, which photographers gladly captured for posterity. To be fair, lesbianism and modeling are not exactly strange bedfellows, as the niece of Attorney General Janet Reno made clear in July. Apparently Hunter Reno, a blond model for L'Oreal, has fallen head-over-stiletto for tennis jock Martina Navratilova, who says she loves the younger Reno "in a way I haven't loved before." The gay duo was expected to join Chastity Bono, Candace Gingrich, and pro-golfer Muffin Spencer-Devlin at the first national gay political convention in Chicago in August. And Martina and Muffin wonder why their phones seldom ring with endorsement offers.

This bad behavior by the Trinity-turned-Terrible Trio didn't exactly endear them to their colleagues. "They became very powerful and not nice about it," said one top model. "They were very snobby and cold and shut people out. We had to deal with the disgusting influx of negative attention to models that they generated."

This may be true, but the idea that the candyfloss world of high fashion just recently turned nasty is a convenient but self-serving fiction. Whether it be professional baseball, professional acting, or professional modeling, each has feasted on the vain and the vulgar, and no matter how much we romanticize the "good old days"—whether the eupeptic days of the booze-swilling Babe or the white-gloved early years of professional modeling in New York—the fact remains that the "good old days" were not very "good," unless by "good" we mean what Mae West always meant by the word. The only difference between then and now is that models can today visit their abortionist by daylight.

Bill Blass told Michael Gross all about these early years, particularly about the business techniques of Stewart Cowley, the foremost modeling booker in the late 1940's. "He must've f--ked every one of those girls," Blass laughed. Regarding Harry Conover, the marketing genius who laid the foundations of professional modeling in America in the prewar years and who created that creature called the "Cover Girl," he was "never available," remembered Cowley. "He was too busy screwing his models." And far from subsiding in recent years, these Sodom-and-Gomorrah sideshows, especially between agents and their jailbait tarts, continue to flourish and have been frequently investigated by both the news media and the FBI.

But should any of this really surprise us? "This is a world," concludes Gross, "in which lawsuits fly as frequently as the models do from city to city, agency to agency, magazine to magazine, boyfriend to boyfriend. Loyalty is nonexistent. Betrayal is everywhere. But what else do you expect from a world that caters to envy and lust?"

We get the leaders—as well as the heroes—we deserve, and if at any time Linda Evangelista saw the irony of this story about "honor," "principle," "reputation," and "ideals," she was absolutely right not to let on. Sure, all that glitters may not be gold, and our wandering eyes and heedless hearts may indeed be tempted by unlawful prize. But, who cares? Her nostrils are beautiful, and they even tilt another way.

Theodore Pappas is the managing editor of Chronicles.

SPORTS

Boxing at the Garden

by Mark Racho

Imagine this scenario: at the end of a boxing match between two fighters—one white, the other, a visiting African black—the black boxer, clearly winning the fight, is disqualified on dubious technical grounds. Instead of protesting he walks peacefully over to a neutral corner, where he is suddenly set upon by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

white corner crew, one of whom smashes open the black boxer's skull with a walkie-talkie. The white members of the ringside crowd immediately begin to riot, violently assaulting anyone who has a black face. The black boxer's 74-year-old trainer, a black man himself, and beloved in boxing circles, is struck, and collapses to the canvas in apparent seizure. Another elderly black man is spat upon and kicked by a violently cursing white woman while he lies squirming on the floor. One young black man, after unfurling a green and black African flag in support of his fighter, is kicked to the ground by several huge white men. A metal seat is wrenched from its moorings by a wildly gesticulating white who proceeds to throw it at some fallen blacks. The melee spreads outside, whites chasing after any blacks they see, intent on mayhem.

The aftermath of such a situation would, of course, be obvious to all right-thinking Americans: the Attorney General would arrive to investigate this outrageous "bias" crime, the President would give a televised lecture on the evils of racism and the shameful treatment of the foreign boxer and his supporters . . . what a disgrace it is that white Americans behave so abominably, steps must be taken to wipe out the scourge of discrimination, the brutal bigot who assaulted the visiting fighter will be dealt with severely, and so on.

The incident described above did, in fact, happen. It happened in New York last July 11, at Madison Square Garden, but I have altered the story in one detail—the color of the participants. The boxer whose thick skull managed to withstand the crushing blow from the walkie-talkie was white—Andrzej (Andrew) Golota, the undefeated Polish champion—and his fans—of whom I was one—were Polish. It is difficult to make out details of a riot when one is running for one's life, but watching the good half-hour of postmatch violence on videotape was almost more shocking than the reality.

It had been a pleasant fight to watch; Golota's opponent was Riddick Bowe, considered by many to be the best heavyweight in the division, and few gave the Polish pugilist much more than a puncher's chance against Bowe, who had faced the wily and courageous Evander Holyfield and won two out of their three contests. Golota was said to have faced only cream-puffs, and he was reputed to be the possessor of a crystal jaw that would quickly shatter under the weight of a solid Bowe uppercut. Bowe's ability to deliver heavy and punishing jabs would unnerve Golota in the opening rounds, and Bowe would have the fight sewn up within six rounds, either by knocking Golota out or by making steak tartar out of his physiognomy. Pleasant, therefore, for Polish fans, when the bout began and Golota shocked Bowe with several ramrod stiff jabs. Golota started to do to Bowe what Bowe was supposed to do to him.

By the end of the first round Bowe's mouth was hanging open and he already looked like a beaten man; out of condition, puffing like a grampus, eyes swollen. For six more rounds Golota gave the Brooklyn bruiser a snappy boxing lesson straight out of the Warsaw Academy. The Pole was supposed to be slow and immobile, but instead his movement was slick, deftly moving from side to side, avoiding punches and countering with neat jabs and quick combinations. The small contingent of Polish fans roared their approval and waved their eagles and red-and-white flags. *"Niech zyje Polska!" "Do gory! Do gory!" "Ale huragan!"* Several times Bowe was staggered by Golota's swinging right and left hooks, and when the Polish fighter accidentally caught him in the groin with a shot that went low, Bowe gladly sank to his knees and availed himself of the few minutes' rest granted by the rules. Here was an escape hatch, one that would prove useful as the fight wore on and Bowe wore out.

Craftily, Golota began to attack Bowe's rather rotund middle, raining blows on his opponent's sides and stomach, a tactic guaranteed to sap any strength that might remain in the American's stokehold, and one that would prevent a resurgence in the later rounds if the fight went that far. A good strategy, but it would prove to be Golota's undoing. Twice his punches wandered low, once grazing Bowe's buttocks and once his hip. Upon receiving the blow on the hip, Bowe showed what he was made of and gave the grimace that Beau Brummell gave when he discovered that his tie was crooked at the Prince Regent's ball. In short, Bowe acted as if he had been severely hurt in the groinal region. The referee allowed him more time, and took another point from Golota for low punching. The Polish fans booed; Bowe's constant holding of Golota's head with one great paw and thumping it with the other—deliberate dirty fighting, unlike the Pole's accidental low shots—had gone unpenalized by the referee.

A look at Bowe's corner showed frantic action. Their man was losing and they knew it. The crowd, the larger half of which was made up of blacks from Brooklyn and Washington, D.C., was growing increasingly restless. They, too, knew in their hearts that Riddick Bowe was losing and losing badly. A few more rounds and he would be knocked out or be unable to continue. The man himself was looking around with uncomprehending eyes; in interviews the day before Bowe had talked only of Mike Tyson, his ultimate goal, and had ignored the actual fighter he was to face. Golota was a ten-to-one underdog, to Bowe he was invisible. Frustrated, at the end of one round, as the fighters were returning to their respective corners, Bowe even swatted angrily at Golota as if he were an annoying elephant fly that had got in his way. Naturally he did not lose a point for this unsportsmanlike conduct.

Certain of the citizens from D.C. and Brooklyn were beginning to shout foul imprecations at the Polish fans. It seemed that the Polish contingent were unaware that it was racist to applaud a Polish boxer with an oppressively white skin who was beating a black fighter. I myself, an exhibitionist who had thought nothing of roaring on the performance of a Polish pitcher for my beloved White Sox when they beat the Yankees in the Bronx a few years ago—not an action likely to endear me to diehard Yankee fans, especially as I roared in an English accent—even I found my throat drying and my enthusiasm shorting out at the looks and threats that were being directed at the Polish section. After a comment about Riddick Bowe's tattoos of his five children being an *aide memoire*, I dried up. But it certainly seemed odd to have pictures of one's offspring tattooed on one's back and chest—Mike Tyson managed to content himself with Arthur Ashe and Chairman Mao stamped on his forearms, but Bowe, goodness knows, looked like a tattooed lady at the circus.

When the seventh round began, Bowe got up with difficulty; perhaps the tattoos were starting to weigh him down. Golota, looking more and more like the unbeatable Ivan Drago in *Rocky IV*, immediately went to work, punishing Bowe

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with shots to the head and body. Bowe was wobbling, he would go in this round or the next. Golota smote him hip and thigh, and then Bowe pulled out the oldest trick in the book—when Golota's hand went low and brushed Bowe's thigh, Bowe fell to his knees and clutched himself as if he had received a karate kick in the groin, an acting performance that surely ought to win Bowe an Oscar for best actress of 1996. "Big fat cry baby!" came a shout in Polish, "*Co beczysz?*" But by then it was too late. The referee stopped the fight and disqualified the Polish champion, who went over to a neutral corner in the most gentlemanly fashion—indeed Golota had conducted himself throughout the fight with absolute decorum, not whining when Bowe held his head, and accepting the docking of points with a smart nod like a cavalryman taking his orders.

Golota had obviously beaten Bowe in the moral sense; the crowd knew it, Bowe's corner knew it, and Bowe's manager Rock Newman knew it to the depths of his rotten little soul. Sore losers all, and even sorer winners. A second after the fight was over I watched Rock Newman run onto the canvas gesticulating and screaming. He may have thrown a punch, I do not know. But he was followed by a crowd of Bowe's fans, and then the riot broke out. Golota went down under a pile of yelling black thugs, and his trainer, 74-year-old Lou Duva, collapsed. Perhaps the most appalling sight of all was when a walkie-talkie was smashed into the back of Golota's head, causing a gush of blood. It was the best hit he had taken during the entire fight.

The riot continued for half an hour at least, and only a liar or a news reporter would describe it as anything other than a chance for blacks to chase and beat up anyone they could see with white skin. I saw an elderly white man lying huddled on the ground, a behemoth of a black woman kicking him and spitting on his prostrate form. One young black picked up a microphone stand and hurled it like a javelin. Another brought a chair crashing down on a pile of wrestling bodies. Everywhere there were sucker-punches and cheap shots, the favorite method of fighting of street punks from D.C. and New York and Cabrini Green. A white figure sidling out would be felled by a blow from behind or from the side, and then four or five blacks would leap in and stomp the white devil.

The news media of course reported the whole thing as it if were merely sports hooligans at their usual tricks. But I have seen English football hooligans in action; their gangs are multicultural and they fight for pleasure and for their team colors. Here the hooligans were looking solely for white faces. Not Polish colors, not obvious Golota supporters, but white faces. New York 1, the news channel whose reporting is so biased as to be almost risible, showed videotape of a black youth being held in a headlock by a black security guard, and followed this by a still picture of one of their female (naturally) boxing reporters spouting inanities. WFAN sports radio spent time on a caller who claimed that the riot was started by (get this) Polish skinheads! And most sick-making of all, Rock Newman, whom many think started the riot by rushing the ring in a frenzy, went on television to claim that he did it to protect his fighter! From what, one asks? Golota was in a neutral corner, Bowe was resting and had won, and the ring was empty.

Luckily there is a videotape of the riot. Whether it will be of any use is another matter. When, last year at the Meadowlands, disgruntled Giants fans (mostly white) were caught on film throwing snowballs because the game was delayed, police and stadium authorities combed carefully through the footage and went after those who were guilty of the egregious snowball crime. Now, one wonders, will the same care be taken with the Madison Square Gardens tape? Will hundreds of black boxing fans be arrested for felonious assault, or even "bias" crimes? And will President Clinton apologize on behalf of the American people to the Polish visitors caught in this racial melee? Will even the bloodthirsty scoundrel with the walkie-talkie do any actual time in gaol? I counsel my readers not to hold their breath. After all, one reporter on ESPN described the violent behavior of the rioters as "inappropriate." I wish he had been caught in it.

* * *

POSTSCRIPT: Several weeks after the riot, my attempts to contact the relevant authorities yielded the following information: there had been 22 arrests. Most of those arrested were issued desk appearance tickets (or "disappearance tickets" as they are known in police circles). New York's athletic commission has, however, imposed a one-million dollar fine on Riddick Bowe because of his handlers' actions during the post-fight brawl. The commission said that Bowe's manager, Rock Newman, and his men had "initiated, contributed to and exacerbated" the riot. Newman's license and that of Golota's manager have also been temporarily suspended.

Curiously, the relevant pages of the arrest book for the night of the 11th had themselves disappeared, perhaps torn out. Asked about the possibility of any of the fans being charged with "bias crimes" (an absurd concept in any case), the spokesman laughed and told me that those rare instances where blacks were charged with "bias" were unfailingly thrown out by prosecutors. Even the vicious brute with the walkie-talkie was unlikely to be prosecuted. And no, the police would not be studying videotapes of the event. As a sports journalist explained it to me, many of the whites who had been set upon were not even proper Americans, but Polacks.

Three fans were said to be suing Rock Newman and perhaps Madison Square Garden, too. Lou Duva, the 74-year-old trainer, was released from the hospital after a night. There were reports that Duva would be suing Newman as well, and in an interview Duva affirmed that "Rock Newman does not belong in boxing." It is interesting that Golota's entire camp was given ten "credentials"—identity passes—including the fighter himself, the four cornermen, and Duva's daughters and son; Bowe's entourage had more than 200! (I wonder how many of them had prison records.) Duva, at the press conference, staged a demonstration of the strength of the protective steel cup which boxers wear; a young man was hit in the cup with a baseball bat and did not flinch—obviously Bowe's acting had been even better than I had imagined. Lastly, a glance at the New York State Boxing Commission rules shows that a boxer cannot win a fight through having taken enough low blows. What is obvious is that if the fight had proceeded to its climax, and Golota had won, the crowd would have reacted even more violently. Perhaps the referee stopped the fight because Golota could not have been allowed to win. Ah well, once you have paid him the Danegeld, you never get rid of the Dane.

Mark Racho is a writer living in Manhattan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RELIGION

Burn, Baby, Burn

by Mark Tooley

For several months, the nation has been wracked by the widespread perception that black churches across the South were under widescale attack by racist arsonists. President Clinton dutifully visited a victimized South Carolina congregation, and Congress speedily voted increased prison terms for church burners. Groups from across the political spectrum, from the Ford Foundation on the left to the Christian Coalition on the right, expressed outrage and pledged money for church reconstruction.

Kudos to all who are helping rebuild the black churches. Their generosity has been a bright light in an otherwise dim and tawdry story. For we now know that there was never any evidence that black churches were burning measurably more frequently than white churches, much less that a white supremacist conspiracy was afoot to destroy black houses of worship. So why the media hype?

First, the facts. According to a *USA Today* survey, over the last 18 months there have been (as of July 1) 66 black churches burned under suspicious circumstances in the South. But the National Fire Protection Association reports that about 600 churches (out of the nation's 365,000 churches) suffer arson fires every year. This figure represents just a tiny fraction of the 500,000 cases of arson reported annually. Like arsons overall, church arsons have declined dramatically in recent years, from a figure of over 1,400 in 1980.

"That's the real story," black civil rights leader Roy Innis of Houston told Reuters as he, nearly alone among major religious and civil rights leaders, noticed that church burnings have actually declined in number. "For the American people to think this is some one-sided racial thing where black churches are being burned—and not white churches—is a mistake."

Although white church burnings outnumber black church arsons in the South (45 to 27 in 1995), on the surface black churches do *seem* to suffer more in proportion to blacks' share of the population (one of every four persons in the South is black). But *USA Today* pointed out that black churches in the South are smaller and, proportionate to population, more numerous. The black churches are also more likely to be remotely located, constructed of wood, older, and situated in economically troubled neighborhoods. All of these factors make them more vulnerable to arsonists of all races.

An Associated Press survey found that in only 20 cases of arson involving black churches was racism the clear motivation for the crime. (Contrast this figure with the claim made on *CBS This Morning*, on June 10, by the Reverend Mac Jones of the left-leaning National Council of Churches, that "99 percent of these fires are . . . racially motivated.") The same survey found that arsons were up slightly among both black *and* white churches. Like *USA Today*, the Associated Press found no evidence of a conspiracy or climate of racial hatred behind the burnings. Of 30 persons arrested so far for the assaults upon black churches, only two have links to any organized racist group (in their case, the Ku Klux Klan).

Most of the arsonists have been drunken teenagers, self-professed devil-worshipers, burglars, and pyromaniacs. Twenty of the arrested persons are white, while ten are black. Fifteen are juveniles. According to the Insurance Information Institute, this year's toll of church arsons in the nation is within the normally expected range.

These facts did not interest the creators of the church burnings story, principally the National Council of Churches and its "partners," the Atlanta-based Center for Democratic Renewal and the New York-based Center for Constitutional Rights. "We haven't looked at white church burnings because that's out of our purview," an NCC spokesman explained to the *Orange County Register*. "We can't do everything." The NCC and the centers preferred to exploit relatively isolated attacks upon black churches to smear conservatives, especially Christian ones, as racists, and to portray an irredeemably racist America that stands on the precipice of race war.

The Reverend Jones told the NCC's board meeting in May that the black church burnings, which he called "domestic terrorism," resulted from a "climate of hostility, violence, and racism sweeping the country." As causes for the "domestic terrorism," he cited "homophobia, the militias, presidential politics and talk of welfare reform and the crime bill," all of which have festered up from an America "that has refused to deal with its racism." The NCC has declared the church burnings to be a "national disaster."

The Center for Democratic Renewal has been more specific in the blame game. "There is a slippery slide, a fine line, between conservative politics, conservative Christians and hate groups in America," says the Reverend C.T. Vivian, who chairs the center. "They have created an atmosphere that allows them to think they can destroy black people and that it will only be winked at." Never mind that conservative Christian groups such as the Southern Baptist Convention, the Christian Coalition, Promise Keepers, and the National Association of Evangelicals are busily raising money for burned black churches.

Vivian's group, which was formerly known as "Klanwatch," describes itself as a monitor of "far-right" organizations. But according to its publicity materials, the Center for Democratic Renewal's definition includes not only the Klan and militias but radio-talk show hosts, "homophobes," and anyone interested in "unfunded mandates" and "10th Amendment Resolutions." Rush Limbaugh and Bob Dole, who frequently quotes from the 10th Amendment, are therefore part of the same toxic stew as any KKK grand wizard.

The Center for Democratic Renewal has produced much of the arson data that has appeared in the national media. Ironically, its estimates of church burnings actually fall short of the figures from both *USA Today* and the AP. But unlike the more responsible news organizations, the Center for Democratic Renewal never bothered to compare black church burnings to church arsons in the nation overall. And although only two arrested arsonists have been linked to the Klan, the center claims to have found a "strong connection between church attacks and white supremacist groups." To an uninformed public, the center's out-of-context numbers appeared to confirm a dangerous upsurge in antiblack violence.

Meanwhile, the Center for Constitutional Rights is planning to file lawsuits against racist church arsonists to further spotlight the alleged church burnings phenomenon. But the chief orchestrator of most publicity surrounding the church burnings has been the NCC, an alliance of 33 mostly Protestant denomi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nations whose combined memberships include 50 million people.

That campaign reached full throttle on June 8-10, when the NCC, CDR, and CCR brought 40 pastors of burned churches to Washington to meet with President Clinton, Attorney General Janet Reno, and Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin. That visit promulgated most of the major national media interest in the church burnings. The Republican-controlled House Judiciary Committee, chaired by Congressman Henry Hyde, did host public hearings on the topic on May 21 but generated only a smattering of newspaper articles.

Joan Brown Campbell, general secretary of the NCC, had little trouble gaining attention from the Clinton administration. Despite her group's purported nonpartisanship, she has been a strong Clinton supporter and frequent White House visitor. During the first of several budget confrontations with the Republican Congress last November, she led a church delegation to the White House to bolster the President's position.

"It is clear that racial hostility is the driving force behind a number of these incidents," said President Clinton in his June 8 radio address, with Campbell at his side in the Oval Office. "We must come together, black and white alike, to smother the fires of hatred that fuel this violence." After a June 19 meeting with Southern governors to discuss the burnings, Vice President Gore affirmed that "I do feel on safe ground in saying that for a large number of them (the arsons) . . . the conspiracy is racism itself."

During his June 10 joint appearance on CBS *This Morning* with Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights Deval Patrick, the Reverend Jones traced the church fires to a "climate that is a part of this nation." Patrick, who had earlier called the burnings "an epidemic of terror," agreed with Jones. "We are reaping what we have sown in this country." He faulted "talk radio" and "some of the hearings . . . in the Congress." Patrick affirmed, "We have race relations at . . . an all time low."

Campbell's June meetings with Clinton, Reno, and Rubin to discuss the church burnings were a major publicity coup for her ecumenical council. Once the mouthpiece for America's foremost religious bodies, the National Council of Churches comprises the nation's fastest declining liberal denominations. Congressman Hyde's Judiciary Committee hearings had even declined to invite the council, which still insisted on providing written testimony.

In that written testimony, the NCC complained of indifferent law enforcement officials. "Without exception, the victims of these hate crimes said they felt intimidated by the very forces they had hoped would provide them with protection," lamented Campbell. A report compiled jointly by the church council and its two partners in May further bemoaned that local police had refused to accept a "conspiracy or motivation based on racism."

Faulted as well were the FBI, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the U.S. Marine Corps, and "white construction firms," all of which were supposedly destroying evidence of the arsonists' racist motivations. According to the report, since the media was ignoring the rampant church arsons, the NCC and the two centers plotted a "comprehensive media campaign" that started with a joint press March 27 press conference in Atlanta featuring Coretta Scott King, Mac Jones, and C.T. Vivian.

The campaign has been enormously successful. The imploding and, until recently, largely ignored National Council of Churches has gained a fresh, new gush of constant publicity. In March, the Reverend Jones had complained that "law enforcement seems to have refused to aggressively pursue not only the investigation of the bombings." By late June, USA *Today* was reporting that 1,000 federal, state, and local agents were investigating the arsons. Information and claims from the NCC, CDR, and CCR were accepted, until very recently, with little questioning; rarely mentioned was the well-known left-leaning political agenda of such groups. The CCR, for example, is commonly described in media reports as merely a "civil rights group," though it was founded by radical lawyer William Kunstler to, in his words, "bring down the system through the system." Over the years the center has waged lawsuits on behalf of terrorists from the Baader-Meinhof gang, the Puerto Rican Socialist Party, and Palestinian groups. It has also defended the homosexual rights group, ACT-UP. More recently, the center has sided with Karen Finley, the "artist" who received funds from the National Endowment of the Arts for smearing her nude body with chocolate before live audiences. The center's director, Ron Daniels, has advocated the payment of "reparations" by the federal government to all descendants of black slaves in America.

As for the NCC itself, its interest in church burnings appears to be an extension of its ongoing investigation of "human rights abuses" in the United States that began in conjunction with the World Council of Churches in 1993. Council-sponsored hearings across the nation in 1994 discovered that the United States was on the verge of a "race war." Advances against racism in America, according to one council official, had "only wounded the beast and made it meaner."

In February 1995, the National and World Councils of Churches presented their testimony about American racism before the United Nations Human Rights Commission in Geneva. As domestic remedies had failed, the councils wanted "international" intervention as the only recourse for America's oppressed. In recounting evidence of United States racist intransigence, church testimony cited promotion of "English only" policies, "Mr. Newt Gingrich's Contract With America," California's Proposition 187, the 1994 federal crime bill's "three strikes and you're out" legislation, and the November 1994 election's "revolution of 4 million angry white men." Whether they wanted the United Nations to overturn the election was unclear.

What the church councils did want was a special United Nations monitor of

LIBERAL ARTS

FAIRNESS FOOLERY

According to the *Irish Voice* last July, CSPAN has established a new "fairness doctrine" in order to ensure that President Clinton receives an equal number of friendly and hostile calls when he appears on talk shows. "Because the anti-Clinton callers were jamming the phone lines by a margin of 5-1," CSPAN's Brian Lamb reportedly ordered that the three phone lines be realigned so that pro-Clinton callers could get equal air time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

human rights abuses in the United States, a call that received support from only China, Cuba, and Sudan, whose governments are not normally known for interest in civil liberty. Afterward, Joe Agne, then a racial justice officer with the NCC and now a board member of the CDR, declared that white supremacy is "running wild" in America, whose atmosphere he likened to Nazi Germany right before the holocaust.

At the council's June 10 press conference in Washington about the church burnings, there was similar rhetoric. "You're going to have a war that will not stop in rural areas," Mac Jones warned, if the "church holocaust" is not stopped. "This country will explode." The burnings are a "strategy to frighten and intimidate black Christians so that they will not take up the call to arms when it comes very soon to have another civil rights and black revolution in this nation," echoed Bishop John Hurt Adams at the convention of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in June.

Bishop Adams' denomination called for a World Council of Churches investigation of the church arsons, which the bishop blamed on the "promoters of hate on the radio, the promoters of hate on television, the Contract [with] America and its high-sounding phrases working on lowdown agendas." Sadly, neither the 1.5 million member African Methodist Episcopal Church nor any major component of the religious left alliance touting the church arson story has seriously examined racism as a spiritual, rather than a political, affiliation.

Institutional racism in this country has been outlawed for most of 30 years. The racial hatred that remains in America today exists well beyond the reach of regulation and legislation. It festers deep within human hearts, and religious groups are uniquely equipped to address such corruption of the soul. But, instead, religious leaders of the left are manipulating isolated church burnings for political purpose: to paint their ideological and theological opponents as racist sympathizers. For them, disgruntlement with the welfare state is the moral equivalent of Klan night-riding. Meanwhile, the Christian right has raised nary a complaint. We should expect and demand more from our religious leaders.

Mark Tooley is a researcher for the Institute on Religion and Democracy in Washington, D.C.

FAMILY

Morticia of the Homestead

by Isabel Lyman

Eagle Forum, the national political organization headed by Phyllis Schlafly, once selected me Massachusetts Homemaker of the Year. My husband nominated me by filling out an application form. I was touched. Hubby, I assumed, wanted to highlight my attempts to homemake, homestead, and homeschool. Sort of. Wid was proud of my domestic endeavors, but he made me a contestant, in part, because he wanted to participate in the prize: an all-expenses paid weekend at a posh Washington, D.C., hotel for each state's winner. What a guy.

When I actually became the honoree, and Eagle Forum dispatched press releases to the local media of my impending coronation, a reporter from the *Springfield-Union News* phoned. "I'd like to come to your home with a photographer," he said. The gleam in his voice gave it away: he thought he was going to meet a Martha Stewart wannabe.

I could visualize this reporter's fantasy. He'd encounter me sporting diamond studs and spackling. After I cleaned up, I'd offer him lunch: saucisson chaud with steamed kale, artistically arranged on pressed glass plates. During a dessert of kiwi flamboyancy, served in my perfectly fertilized rosebush garden, the neighborhood's beautiful people would join us for lattes.

"Sure, come on over," I said.

When the newsie arrived, I was hospitable. "Do you drink instant coffee?"

He looked puzzled. I smiled as I explained that the bedrooms were in a state of disarray, because my two sons, war history buffs, had reenacted the Battle of the Bulge in them.

He looked chagrined.

"Oh, and ignore the cranky old lady hobbling around," I helpfully added. "That's just my mother-in-law. She slipped on sidewalk pavement in her cheap shoes and is recuperating with us."

He looked frightened. Give me some credit, though. At least I didn't expose him to the more creative ways I keep the hearth. I didn't tell him how I've allowed my son to dissect formaldehyde-drenched grasshoppers near the kitchen. Or that I store plastic bags in the dishwasher. And that I dry hockey skates and football cleats by the woodstove in the living room when I'm not requesting my mother to Federal Express, from Florida, ready-made tamales. He didn't see the kitschy Christmas card artwork that my husband creates and displays, or the sale-price African violets I decorate with, or meet the pet pygmy goat that I've womanhandled in the backyard.

So, when the story appeared in the Sunday paper, my house was described in lackluster terms as "reasonably dust-free and the colors more or less match, but the place is still a bit too casual to make 'House Beautiful,'" when he could have written: "Paging Rosa Lopez. Emergency. Please come out of seclusion. This casa need you, pronto."

I suppose, after experiencing that media reality check, it would have been proper to feel guilty about my offbeat homemaking methods. It would have been proper to evaluate if a mistake had been made in giving the queen of laissez faire homemaking a real title. It would have been proper to reflect if it was ethical of me to accept the perks of the prize. Nah.

See, I may not do the homemaking thing like Martha Stewart, like an Amish goodwife, or even like my accomplished mother. But I love being a very available mother and wife, and, yes, homemaker, even though the workload is often dreary. And repetitive. And unappreciated. On those bad house days, I shame myself with truth and remind myself of the sheer luxury of my lot. Our world, after all, is teeming with women who keep house in hovels and slums and frequently give birth to babes in such squalor.

It's a shame the American cognoscenti keeps telling our young women to act for the Oscar, train for the Gold, write for the Pulitzer. Do something with your life, but DON'T JUST STAY HOME.

Ugh. The enterprising woman who can be homeward bound, thanks to a hardworking husband, can still make history (or is that herstory?). The beloved columnist Erma Bombeck, not Betty Friedan, beautifully modeled that lesson, for a past generation of bored, suburban housewives.

A true confession. In the 14 years that I've stayed at home and baked cookies, I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have also been able to accomplish the following on a shoestring budget: learn to quilt and can fruits; raise broiler hens; receive a master's degree and write a doctoral dissertation; help my husband in his home business (a school); run successfully for Amherst Town Meeting, twice; manage Pat Buchanan's Bay State campaign; invite an inner-city child to vacation in my home by being involved with the Fresh Air Fund; do freelance writing and interview such people as Newt Gingrich and Martin Luther King III; advise other mommies to homeschool or bust; and learn to lift weights.

Perhaps to the local reporter I was a questionable award winner, but just like that other homemaker from hell—Morticia.

Isabel Lyman writes from Amherst, Massachusetts.

HEALTH

Hospitals and Hotels

by Ernest van den Haag

Once in a while I have to go to a hospital. Most people do. Of course, I go for medical reasons and don't expect it to be a pleasure trip. Fortunately, the medical care I have received in New York hospitals is superb. But hospitals also function as hotels and restaurants. Patients must be lodged and fed in addition to being treated. The food and hotel services provided by hospitals are abysmal (though in rural hospitals they are a little better). Why?

Hospitals only grudgingly recognize that they are not solely medical institutions. "This is a hospital, not a hotel" is a familiar refrain—as though the two functions were mutually exclusive. History shows why bad food and discomfort have always accompanied good medical care. Hospitals started as eleemosynary institutions for the poor. Physicians did not want to go to the slums to see poor patients, who could not pay anyway, and so hospitals were founded to take care of them. Because the poor were grateful and undemanding—they certainly did not complain about a lack of comforts to which they were not accustomed anyway—hospitals grew used to offering only a minimum of comfort. They still do, and this eleemosynary tradition has remained very strong. Administrators are only fitfully becoming aware that they run a business, which includes hotel and restaurant functions in addition to medical care.

Consider some of the unnecessary discomforts which hospitals impose on patients. It takes only a few moments to register in a hotel. In a hospital, I, an ambulant patient, am sent from person to person with intermittent waiting for often an hour, just to register. Yet, my doctor has already reserved a place for me, and I—for that matter, most patients—came insured and with credit cards.

Private rooms are far smaller than any hotel would dare offer. There is a bed and a chair or two. No vase for flowers, no table, scant closet space, and no lamp over the bed which makes reading quite difficult, and no controls for patients to regulate heat or air conditioning. The beds are often uncomfortably narrow—supposedly to facilitate the tasks of physicians and nurses—but I have seen no services, or examinations, facilitated by the narrowness of the bed. The mattress is covered with plastic, which makes the patient slide around wildly. This is to protect it from incontinent patients (very few are). Nurses are not allowed to remove the plastic cover.

Rooms are first attended to by a worker who makes the bed, then by another who mops the floor, and finally by a third who empties wastebaskets and cleans bathrooms. They arrive at different times, disturbing patients at least three times a day. Hotels manage to merge these three operations into a single visit. It is almost impossible to persuade hospital personnel to knock before entering one's room, or to close the door when leaving. For nonambulant patients this is quite a problem. But unnecessary deprivation of privacy seems *de rigueur* in hospitals.

Food has to be ordered 12 hours in advance and is available only three times a day at fixed mealtimes. (One cannot order beer or wine with meals.) Nor can one order anything—not a cup of coffee, a glass of juice, a sandwich, let alone a hot dish—outside mealtimes. Unlike hotel guests, patients cannot eat when and what they would like, and however willing one might be to pay, one cannot obtain items ordinarily on restaurant menus. On the other hand, full board is charged whether or not one wants to eat the meals provided. Patients who ask for the food they prefer are regarded as frivolous nuisances. They are reminded resentfully that "this is a hospital," as though this justifies unnecessary deprivation and discomfort.

Hospitals also are remarkably noisy. Nurses' aides and cleaners shout at each other from one end of the corridor to another. When they do not converse loudly, they whistle. (Hospitals in Switzerland, Italy, and Germany are very quiet places.) Doctors do not like the noise either, but feel powerless. They tell patients that the hospital unions make it impossible to discipline the custodial staff. However, hotels that have similar problems succeed and are much quieter than hospitals. But hotels are interested in the comfort of their guests—hospitals only in their health, conceived as though excluding comfort.

As mentioned before, privacy is routinely denied patients. They cannot even refuse to see visitors. Some years ago, a nurse from a local hospital called to tell me that a patient, in the intensive care unit with a heart attack, urgently wanted to see me. I protested that I did not know the patient and could not be of assistance. But the nurse insisted that the patient was dangerously agitated and that just visiting him would help. So I went.

The patient, whom I'd never seen before, explained that he had attended a lecture I gave and thought I would be able to help him. He was dying, and was also in the throes of a messy divorce. His ex-wife feared that he would disinherit her. She had hired an attorney. This lady came to the hospital every day to discuss her client's demands and to ask the patient to sign papers. He did not want to see her; she upset him. He had so advised the nurses, but the undesired visits continued. I spoke with the nurse in charge, who told me that she had conveyed the patient's desires to the visitor, but did not feel able to prevent the visits.

I called the attorney, who responded noncommittally and called me back a little later to inform me that she had found me to be neither a physician nor a member of the bar (I had not pretended to be either) and that consequently she would ignore my request to stop the visits. I called the resident to inform him of the situation, and was told that he had no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The John Randolph Club

Crystal City Marriott
Arlington, Virginia

[redacted]

* * *

"Nationalism, Populism, and the Future of the American Right"

Do you believe it makes a difference whether Tweedledum or Tweedledumber is elected President this fall? Then don't bother attending the Seventh Annual Meeting of the John Randolph Club. We'll be discussing issues that *really* matter: whether America is losing her sovereignty by pursuing dreams of Empire, whether mass culture and world citizenship go hand-in-hand, how the commissars in D.C. are attempting to reinvent America, and how Middle Americans can fight back.

The conference includes breakfast, lunch, and dinner on Saturday, as well as breakfast on Sunday. Registration is $225 before September 1, or $250 thereafter. Checks should be made payable to the John Randolph Club and mailed to Burt Blumert, Center for Libertarian Studies, Crown Building, 875 Mahler Road, Suite 150, Burlingame, CA 94010.

A limited number of rooms are available at a special rate of $85 per night, single or double occupancy. Room reservations can be made by calling the Marriott at (800) 228-9290.

Speakers will include:

Senator Eugene McCarthy,
Tom Pauken, Thomas Fleming, Samuel Francis, Joe Sobran,
Llewellyn Rockwell, Clyde Wilson, Bill Kauffman,
Ralph Raico, Charley Reese, Allan Carlson,
E. Christian Kopff, and
Paul Gottfried

* * *

Preceding the meeting on **Friday, October 4**, The Rockford Institute will hold its Twentieth Anniversary Dinner. The featured speakers are **Chilton Williamson, Jr.**, and **Harold O.J. Brown**, discussing their new books, *The Immigration Mystique* and *The Sensate Culture*. For more information about the dinner, please call Sarah Trimble at **(815) 964-5811**.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way of preventing the undesired visits.

In most hospitals, visitors are admitted by indicating whom they wish to see. In other words, the patient's consent for the impending visit is not requested. In fact, once a visitor is admitted to the hospital, he can enter any patient's room he wishes. There is no effective way for a patient to refuse any visit from anyone.

Hospitals insist that they are liable for harm to patients and therefore must have access to the rooms at all times. This is why rooms cannot be locked. Indeed, a locked room could endanger some patients (who probably wouldn't lock it anyway); but others could sign appropriate forms to immunize the hospital against liability. Further, nurses could have a master key. As it is, patients cannot have the privacy with their friends, wives, or husbands, which is a matter of course in hotels. Privacy would help preserve the dignity of patients as adults. Why can a hospital room not be protected from undesired nonmedical visitors? A hotel room is.

It is part of traditional hospital culture for nurses and interns to be overworked. Why? Can't hospitals hire sufficient personnel? Hotels do while charging much less. Indeed, hospitals make it hard even to ask for a service. Patients usually have call buttons near their beds which often do not elicit a response, and intercoms are rarely provided.

Even the simplest things (other than purely medical ones) are hard to obtain in a hospital. One evening I asked for an extra pillow at 8:00 P.M. It arrived at ten. I was awakened to receive it. The well-known tale of the nurse who awakens the patient to give him his sleeping pill always struck me as an exaggeration. Not so. It actually happened to me.

Usually hospitals are run by physician administrators who focus on the medical aspect of hospitalization. They do not know, or care, much about the hotel aspects. But wouldn't it be better if the medical and hotel aspects of hospitalization were managed separately? The provision of food and lodging might become the responsibility of a separate corporation billing independently. It seems unlikely that medical administrators ever will properly manage the hotel duties, just as unlikely as it is that hotel managers will ever properly administer medical services.

Although they now compete for patients, hospitals unavoidably have monopolistic features. Once you enter a hospital, you cannot easily leave, however bad the food or services rendered. The hospital resembles a closed institution not unlike a prison or insane asylum. To change hospitals, you would have to change doctors, but staying with your doctor is likely to be more important to you than comfort. Medical services are paramount in your choice, which makes it possible for hospitals to neglect patient comfort.

Moreover, physicians usually can practice in only one hospital. The patient's choice of hospital is therefore determined by his physician and limited by his accreditation to this hospital. Thus, unless the patient is willing to give up his physician, he does not really have a choice. Must this be so? Couldn't physicians be allowed to practice in more than one hospital? This change would be helpful to patients and not harmful to physicians. Similarly, the patient can get a private nurse only from the hospital registry. Couldn't private nurses also be registered to practice in more than one hospital? Why increase the monopolistic aspects of hospitalization beyond necessity?

Hospital charges are a mystery only precariously related to the services performed. Since most patients do not pay—insurance companies do—hospital charges are not effectively controlled. No wonder they are high. But there are also the peculiarities of hospital bookkeeping.

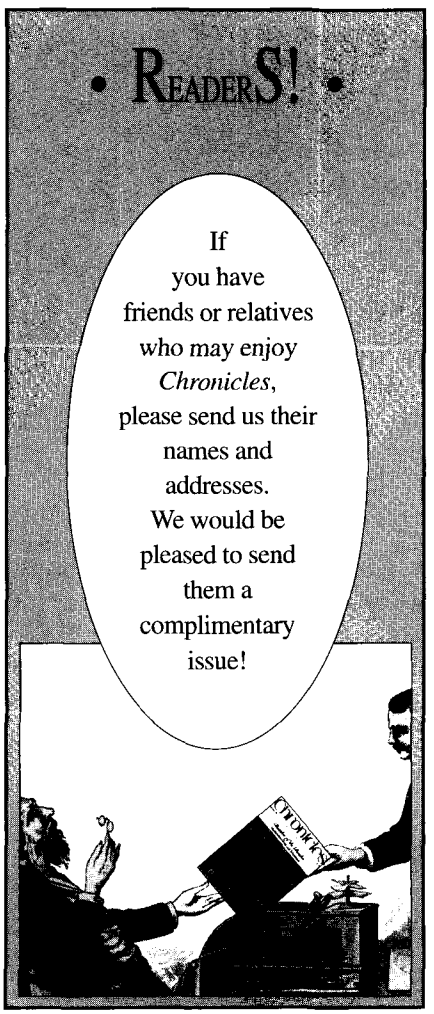
Hospitals make paying customers, or their insurance companies, bear the cost incurred by uninsured patients who cannot pay. In effect, paying patients are taxed for the nonpaying ones. Yet the cost of treating the latter is a social cost, properly borne by taxpayers. It seems inequitable and capricious to make insured or paying patients who happen to use hospital services pay this cost—just as it would be to make paying restaurant patrons pay for meals given to patrons who cannot pay. But the restaurant patrons can choose a different restaurant. The hospital patients cannot.

If hospitals must continue to charge the paying patients for the cost incurred by the nonpaying ones, hospital bills should list the price charged to the patient for the actual cost of the room, food, nursing care, etc. To the sum of these charges, the levy to pay for nonpaying patients should be added explicitly. At least the patient will know what he pays for.

A special note on hospital lodging is necessary. In accounting terms, each bed or room in a hospital is very expensive. However, the accounting terminology is misleading. It is not the bed or the room that costs a lot but the medical treatment, the charge for which is assigned to the room. Small rooms save the hospitals less than they would save a hotel—a negligible sum as a percentage of the total cost. Actually, given the total cost of hospitalization, the cost of space is even more negligible than it would be in a hotel. There is no more reason, therefore, for patients to share rooms than there is for hotel guests to do so. And there certainly is no reason at all for restricting the size of single rooms.

Going even to the best hospital will never be my heart's desire. But why make it worse than it has to be?

Ernest van den Haag writes from New York City. New editions of his Punishing Criminals *and* The Jewish Mystique *were recently released by the University Press of America.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hundredth Meridian

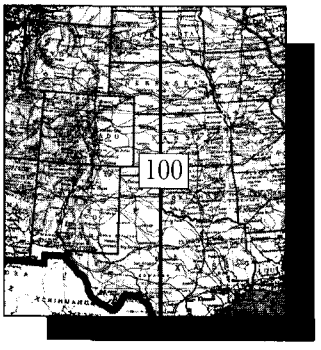
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

With Jeb Stuart in the Rocky Mountains

Horses, like people, are naturally lazy and essentially perverse; habitually unready or unwilling to do what duty requires of them. But in midafternoon of this hot, still day on the desert mine came willingly when I called them, perhaps in hope of double rations or else recalling idyllic mountain parks and alpine basins covered with the sweet green grass. I stiffed them with a handful of grain and loaded them into the trailer, adding a full measure for the road to the mangers.

A horse pack trip is comparable to a minor cavalry campaign, without the shooting. Mostly it is about logistics—food, equipment—climate, and terrain. Especially at the beginning of the season a two-day venture requires a couple of days' preparation, and the better part of a fifth day to ready the gear for the next trip. Today we had stowed in the pickup food enough for four days (in case of accident or delay) and sufficient booze for two nights; as much water as we could carry; cooking utensils; a three-man tent; bedrolls; several changes of clothing, including long underwear, wool sweaters, and ponchos; a groundcloth and tent stakes; two hatchets; a small cooking grill; a collapsible bucket; grain for the horses; two 30-foot picket ropes; maps and a pocket compass; a small saw; a good hunting knife and stone; matches and other fire-starting equipment; and a .41 magnum revolver and 50 rounds of ammunition, much of it already packed in the new horsepacks purchased the weekend before at A.A. Callister in Salt Lake City.

From Kemmerer to the jumping-off place below the head of the Smith Fork of the Bear River is just over 100 miles, the last 25 by winding gravel road into the mountains. It was midsummer, the temperature in the low 90's. We rode with the truck windows rolled down and the sliding one in the back of the cab pushed open, letting through straws and wisps of hay lifted from the bed by the windstream. The desert as far as Sage Junction and for ten miles north of it lay burned and brown, giving way at last to



the rich alfalfa fields outlying the Mormon village of Cokeville. Between the sagebrush hills, golden with sunshine and lavender in the shadows, central pivot systems hurled silver sprays of water across the green valley of the Bear River enclosed in a faint summer haze. Beyond the valley the snow-pointed peaks of the Salt River Range lifted above the mountain country, where spring was still in progress and summer only a rumor. We followed the highway west around Raymond Mountain, climbed north over Salt River Pass, and turned into the Smith Fork road short of Smoot, where we put the windows up against the white dust boiling thickly behind the trailer, prisming the sunlight in segments of pale rainbow.

The road followed Smith Fork in the narrowing canyon, deeply wooded on the right and descending on the left in steep grassy cliffs to the creek, which foamed clear over boulders and short falls and tunneled under carapaces of compacted snow and ice where they covered the channel over. More snow lay in drifts higher on the steeps, and behind these snow cornices along the high western wall of the canyon curled against the blue sky. We reached the trailhead where the road hairpins to cross the northwestern reach of Commissary Ridge at a little past six o'clock, and hurried to load the horses for the short ride up to Sheep Pass.

The air was blue as we started in, and the down-canyon wind gave it an edge that was pleasantly cool and refreshing after the desert heat. We rode in file, keeping to the trail above the creek, across largely open country broken by timber stands and croppings of rock. The last time I had been up Smith Fork was on foot six years ago with the Fleming family in tow and Tom breasting the trail beside me as he taught me most of what I know about Greek theories of justice, including the belief that the man who shoots an arrow into the air and has the bad luck to have it fall on someone and kill him is guilty of murder. While the conversation was less stimulating this evening, the trip itself was considerably easier. Arriving below the pass in under three-quarters of an hour, we picketed the horses on good pasture and made camp in a stand of whitebark pine overlooking the valley through which we had ascended. "Would you fix us a drink?" Norma asked.

While I poured the drinks and cut them with snow gathered from an outlying snowbank, Norma brought out crackers and a smoked Alaska salmon sent to me the Christmas before by Doug Kluender in Las Vegas. Doug had mailed the fish to Kemmerer, where it was forwarded care of Jim Rauen in Belen, New Mexico; having left it out in the horsetrailer over a freezing night in Moab, Utah, on the way home at the start of February, I was in doubt as to its freshness, which was why it remained uneaten five and a half months later. Since Norma insisted that the fish, having been smoked, should be safe to eat, I favored her with the first piece, and also the second, and the third. When the fourth seemed to do her no harm I ate the fifth, and found it delicious. Together we ate half the fish with the crackers, drinking bourbon. "Do you want another drink?" "No." "No?!!" "There's a man named Alton Windsor in Wisconsin who will write another letter to the magazine if I do." "Why would he care?" "I don't know. But he does." "Oh, come on and have another one. He'll never know." "He will if I write about it." "Then don't." "All right, I'll have another drink. Here's to Alton Windsor." "Mr. Windsor. Cheers!"

Admiring the cloudless sky, we left the tent in the pack and spread the bedrolls on the grass at the edge of the trees away from the fire and the snubbed horses. I woke several times in the night and lay with bag around my ears, staring up at the Milky Way in brilliant cross-section and watching the flashing mete-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ors and the buglike satellites pass through it as the Big Dipper slipped slowly northward over the eastern horizon. We rose a little past dawn, built up the fire for coffee, and worked on the salmon some more. When we rode out, leaving the camp in place and traveling light, with only a pair of saddlebags and the canteen on the gelding, the sun was well above the land-line and the red clay damp around the edges of the snowfields.

Beyond the pass the trail descended from 10,000 feet into the first of a sequence of steep basins, partially forested and walled by cirques on their western side. The cliffs were rimmed by snow cornices and streaked by vertical colls, and snow to a depth of four and five feet lay in drifts across the forest floor, forcing us to dismount and lead downhill through the trees above Spring Creek to the bottom, where we mounted again and rode forward. Even Norma, who has no more horse sense than a cat, observed that Saab Star had behaved like a perfect gentleman for nearly 24 hours now, as he had the previous summer. Beyond not shying, spooking, and showing his eye whites, at age 16 he has developed a calmness to replace the field of tension that had previously surrounded him like an aura, without losing any of his Arab enthusiasm, strength, and stamina. After ten years of hairtrigger horsemanship, often in precarious terrain, the change is a welcome one, possibly even deserved. "Do you remember the first time I tried to pack an elk on him and he bolted over me when I was leading and threw himself over a sidehill and ended up on his feet in the creek with the saddle and the meat under his belly?" "And you made a beautiful swandive over a log and got the worst-looking black eye I ever saw." "And the time he hung his hind legs up on a log and I let him have his head to buck loose and he bolted into a stand of aspen so that I had to bail out of the saddle when I couldn't get rein back in time?" "And came within six inches of braining yourself on the same log, and afterward you couldn't talk right for several hours and stiffened up so you couldn't ride and had to lead six miles out of elk camp, and when we got to the truck at sundown I had to lift you onto the truck seat." "And the time I was camped with Bill and Pat Wilson near Elbow Lake in the Winds and he broke his picket line and ran off with Larki, and we had to load the gear we brought in with five horses on three, and walk out 21 miles?" "I remember you were ready to shoot him when you picked him up three days later with the trailer at Lieberman's ranch." "Then in the Winds we got on bad footing below Lower Jean Lake and he stepped on the gas pedal and tried to bolt through a wet granite trough and I barely stayed with him by hanging onto his neck." "Bill Wilson kept looking at him sideways and shaking his head, saying, 'I don't know. . . .'" "Yes. But he also said later, 'That little horse has a lot of heart.' Like his owner, of course." "Yes."

We rode up from the bottom and northward above Spring Creek where it bears east through the forested gap to the Greys River, under battlements of rock formed by the outward curves of the cirques coming together, down and up across the shoulders separating the alpine basins filling with snowmelt from the cliffs and draining in steep small torrents into the forest below the meadows. The fresh track of elk and deer imprinted the trail and the ground surrounding the basins, but wide areas of no green and last year's flattened grasses showed that the snow had been gone for only a few days. Driftwood lay across the tails of the little lakes, and yellow buttercups grew in the shallow water. Hunting hawks traced circles in the sky high above the rimrock, but down here the songbirds had not arrived yet, and scarcely any jays. The horses flinched from a strong northerly wind as we pushed on as far as the pass overlooking the wide basin where the trail crosses west to join another coming in from Cottonwood Lake before switching east, then north again to Corral Creek and up the creek to Corral Creek Lake, surrounded on three sides by its palisade of rock. The alpine and subalpine country has a strange formality, as if it had been designed by a multicultural team of English and Japanese gardeners. The grass steeps in their fresh green, the stands of darker pine, even the bare rock seemed diaphanous, suffused with sunlight, as if not rock and soil but light itself were the mountains' principal element. "Next time we'll ride in from Cottonwood, and on up to Corral Lake." "You wouldn't guess you could take a horse along that trail, would you? It looks as if it's slipping off the cliff face." "But they're never as awful as they look."

We rested the horses and rode south again with the wind at our backs and the cliff shadow leaning from the west. At six o'clock we reached Sheep Pass and a quarter of an hour later we had crossed over the last snowfield and arrived in camp, where we staked out the horses and brought what remained of the salmon from the snowdrift where it had lain buried all day. The coals were still alive at the bottom of the firepit and plenty of wood lay stacked for the evening fire. While I checked the gelding's knots, Norma sat among the white-bark pines fixing drinks. "What was it Faulkner used to say about bourbon?" "He said thank God for Jack Daniel, it never lets you down." "Did he ever try Jim Beam?" "I don't know. Ed Abbey liked it. But here's to Jim Beam anyway. It never lets you down, either." "And here's to Mr. Windsor." "Oh, yes. A toast to Alton Windsor." "Remember, you're not going to write about this." "No, I'm not. Unless I don't have anything else to write about."

"Look," Norma said. "Something's moving up there on the snow. Three of them." "Where?" "On the coll, just below the ridgeline to the left of the trees."

I set my drink carefully on the grass, trained the field glasses on the west wall of Smith Fork canyon, and moved up to the coll, 800 vertical feet above camp and just under a mile out. "They're going over the top now." I elevated the glasses slightly and found two cow elk on the ridgeline, in silhouette against the sky. "There're more of them to the left, along the top."

Once you knew where to look, the elk were plainly visible to the naked eye. We sat on a forked pine log we had braced to make a bench, drinking whiskey and watching the elk graze south along the ridge through clumps of krummholz pine. Occasionally they would turn at right angles to the cliff, taking the red light of the vanished sun on their flanks. From where we sat they appeared very small and delicate against the failing sky.

"Will we be the last generation of Americans to know this?"

"I don't care."

"Yes, you do."

"If I do, I don't want to think about it."

"You care."

"Do you want to have another drink?"

"If you do."

"All right, then. Let's both have another drink."

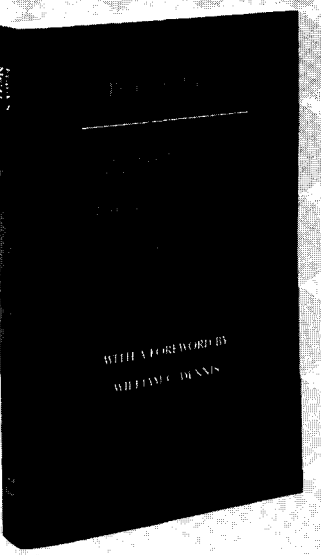
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Modern Editions of Classic Works for Today's Readers

In Defense Of Freedom And Related Essays

By Frank S. Meyer
Foreword by William C. Dennis

When it first appeared in 1962, ***In Defense of Freedom*** was hailed by Richard M. Weaver as "a brilliant defense of the primacy of the person" and an "indictment of statism and bureaucratism." Of the author, William F. Buckley, Jr., remarked, "Meyer has done more than anyone in America to search out the metaphysics of freedom." Meyer examines the tension between the freedom of the person and the power of social institutions. In his view, both the dominant Liberalism and the "New Conservatism" of the American tradition place undue emphasis on the claims of social order at the expense of the individual person and liberty. In contrast, Meyer insists that liberty is essential to the pursuit of virtue. Therefore, the proper end of political thought and action is the establishment and preservation of freedom.



The new Liberty Fund edition includes nine related essays, among them "Freedom, Tradition, Conservatism," "In Defense of John Stuart Mill," "Libertarianism or Libertinism?" and "Western Civilization: The Problem of Political Freedom." A bibliographical essay traces the polemical response to Meyer's writings.

240 + xxiii pages. Foreword, bibliographical essay, index.

Hardcover	$15.00	0-86597-139-0
Paperback	$7.50	0-86597-140-4

"Conceived in Liberty"

For a nation "conceived in liberty," the study of the ideal of a society of free and responsible individuals is a never-ending obligation. To encourage this deliberation, Liberty Fund —a private educational operating foundation established in 1960—makes available a wide range of outstanding books. Each title explores the genesis and sustenance of liberty in individual life, in society, governance, and economics. Our publications include the works of Adam Smith, David Hume, Lord Acton, Ludwig von Mises, Nobel laureates F. A. Hayek and James Buchanan, crucial political writings of the American founding era, and landmark works in philosophy, law, and education. We invite you to request a free copy of our catalogue.

Call 800-955-8335
Fax 317-579-6060
or write:

Liberty Fund INC.

We pay book rate postage on prepaid orders.

8335 Allison Pointe Trail, Suite 300, Dept. MECH, Indianapolis, IN 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Southern Collection Renaissance

If you wish to know the people of the South, you must know their literature.

Is Davis A Traitor?, non-fiction, 1866
by Albert Taylor Bledsoe, 272 pages
Introduction by Dr. Clyde N. Wilson
University of South Carolina

$34

[This book's] "importance is evident from the story Bledsoe often related of his encountering General Lee shortly after the War between the States. Lee remarked to him: 'Take care of yourself, Doctor; you have a great task: we look to you for our vindication.':

"And vindicate the Confederacy Bledsoe did—as ably as it has ever been done; as ably as it ever can be done in an indifferent world where might is often mistaken for right. A number of Southerners wrote books on the constitutional understandings and political and moral motives that governed the Southern people in their great lost struggle for independence. None did it better than Bledsoe. His argument for the right of secession is absolutely irrefutable to any honest mind. No single Northern apologist—and he takes them all on—is left with a leg to stand on.

"*Is Davis a Traitor; or Was Secession a Constitutional Right Previous to the War of 1861?*, the ablest of all defenses of the Confederacy, was first published in 1866 by Innes & Company of Baltimore. It has been printed twice: by Hermitage Press of Richmond in 1907, and by J.P. Bell of Lynchburg, Virginia, in 1915 under a different title, *The War Between the States; or Was Secession a Constitutional Right Previous to the War of 1861?*

"So this edition, which ought to be at the hand of every loyal Southerner, makes the book available for the first time in eighty years. Bledsoe's passion, brilliance, and eloquence for a "lost cause" remind us that Southerners have always believed in the sanctity of the word. For them the Constitution was an agreement that meant what it meant, that belonged to those who ratified it. For Northerners it was merely an instrument to be made use of and manipulated for whatever ends were determined by the predominant powers, and a plaything for legal and political sophists. It was this and not slavery that was the irrepressible conflict of the sections."

—Dr. Clyde N. Wilson,
University of South Carolina

d check or money order to:

Publishing, LLC

Drawer 2206, th Carolina 29413

ding and handling. T offset
bound, gol

rnet
com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED